The People's Press.

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BY THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

The king of rivers has a dolorous shore,
A dreadful dominion of cypress trees,
A gray bird rising forevermore,
And drifting away toward the Mexican seas;—
A lone bird seeking for some lost mate,
So dolorous, lorn and desolate.

The shores are gray as the sands are gray;
And gray are the trees in their cloaks of moss;—
That gray bird rising and drifting away
Slow dragging its weary long legs across—
So weary, just over the gray wood's brink;
It wearies one, body and soul, to think.

These vast gray levels of cypress wood,
The gray soldiers' grave; and so, God's will—
These cypress trees' roots are still running blood;
The smoke of battle in their mosses still—
That gray bird wearily drifting away
Was startled some long-since battle day.

—*Joaquin Miller, in the Current.*

THE LUCKY SHOT.

"Very wet day, sir," said the cheery host of the "Traveler's Rest," as he assisted me to take off my heavy riding coat.

"Very wet, indeed," I replied, "I've had my share of it during my thirty miles ride to-day."

Mine host conducted me to a room with a cheery fire burning in the grate, and having been served with a good hot supper, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew my chair up to the fire, encased my feet in a pair of easy slippers and filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host.

"Won't you join the company in the next room, sir? We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening."

"With pleasure," I replied. So, taking my pipe I followed my landlord into the large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story-teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke.

"Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman. So Mr. White recommenced.

"You must know, gentlemen," he began, "that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there."

The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The lobe of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, upsetting a glass at my elbow, and startling the company generally.

"*I beg pardon, gentlemen*; a sudden spasm—that is all?" I stammered out.

"It is the same man," I soliloquized.

I was supplied with a fresh glass, and Mr. White resumed:

"Well, I was only a young fellow at the time, and got bitten by the gold fever like many other people beside. Every paper contained dazzling accounts of the riches to be found in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go and try my luck. When I told Mary, she cried, and tried to dissuade me, but it was of no use; I was determined; and soon after left home for London, where I entered my name on the books as a steerage passenger on board the clipper-built liner, Australasia."

"Mary was his sweetheart," interrupted my left-hand neighbor.

"I well remember the day we sailed. The scene at the docks was very affecting. Husbands were parting from wives, brothers from sisters, fathers from children, young fellows from their sweethearts, and I was not sorry when the tug towed us out to sea. We were a motley company. There were representatives of all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken down lawyers, students, clerks, and a sprinkling, too, of the hangers an about town, and even a couple of Methodist ministers. All were going to try their fortunes in the New Eldorado. We had had very good weather during our voyage, and I suffered but little from sea-sickness. I made many acquaintances, but there was one man I took an aversion to. He was called Wapping Bill. He was a tall, broad shouldered fellow with a great shock of red hair and a close cropped beard; a pair of small ferret-like eyes that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy eyebrows when any one addressed him, and an expression that showed him to be the reverse of a quiet and respectable man.

"In due time we arrived at Melbourne. It was then a mere collection of wooden houses and hastily thrown-up shanties, and was peopled by representatives from nearly all civilized nations on the face of the earth. Twenty of us formed a party, bought some tools, and proceeded to the diggings on foot. Arriving there, we bought claims, and set to work to unearth the long-talked of gold. My chum was a steady-going young fellow, called Sandy—a Scotchman. We dug a shaft, hauled up the gold-bearing earth, and washed it in a large box with plates full of holes. The water washed away the earth, leaving the gold in the form of nuggets and dust on the plates. For a week or so we found little or nothing, and my golden dreams began to wane. Then one morning Sandy gave a shout of joy, and hastily ascending the shaft, I saw in the cradle several nuggets of pure gold. I was half mad with delight, and for the rest of the day I worked with the energy of two men. Before nightfall we had more than twenty ounces of small nuggets and dust. We stitched it up in small canvas bags, and hid it for safety in the floor of the tent. We went on this way for months, then our claim began to give out.

"Just about this time a convoy was going to Melbourne to take some gold to the bank there. We therefore agreed to send some of ours to be deposited in the bank and get notes in exchange. When we got to the place of starting I was surprised to see, among the mounted troopers forming the escort, my shock-headed voyager. I mentioned my distrust of him to my chum; and in consequence we only sent half of the intended quantity. The fellow evidently knew I distrusted him, for when I went up with our parcel he gave a malicious look that boded me no good. The escort numbered about ten or fifteen well-armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon, and they left early in the morning for their destination. We gave them three ringing cheers at the boundaries of the camp, and wished them a safe return. I had a singular forboding that I had seen the last of my gold, but I mentioned my fears to none but my chum.

"The day following I went to Mat Durn's drinking-hut—a place frequented by the lucky finders and loafers—to hear the day's news. The saloon was full of diggers. Some were discussing the day's finds; others were playing poker, the stakes being nuggets of dust; the majority were standing at the bar drinking and smoking. I called for a drink, filled a short cutty, and took a seat among the card-players.

"'Well, Tom, how's your luck?' said a broad shouldered Yorkshireman who had come over with me.

"'Very poor at present,' I replied.

"'Have a hand then, man; winning dust at poker is better than digging.'

"I joined the game and played a while. At last one of the players threw up his hand and said he was cleaned out; so, thinking it might be my turn soon, I stopped. I finished my glass and prepared to leave the room. Just as I got to the door a burly digger came rushing in, almost upsetting me, and uttered the most frightful oaths. The entire saloon was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and a dozen voices shouted out, 'What's the matter!'

"'Matter enough!' cried the invading digger, with another volley of expletives. 'The escort's been attacked, and the gold is gone!'

"Words fail to describe the scene that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair, danced and raved like madmen. When the tumult was somewhat subsided, I managed to make out that the wagon had been attacked in the dead of night, by a party of armed rangers. A fight had taken place, not a trooper had been killed, and the gold had been taken. The attack had evidently been pre-arranged, for half the troopers had been drugged, and were consequently unable to fight. Three of them were reported missing, Wapping Bill among the number. I went off to our tent and told Sandy. 'You're right about the villain, but we'll be even with him yet.'

"We went back to the saloon, where we found nearly all the diggers assembled, listening to an account of the affair from one of the troopers. It appeared that shortly after leaving the camp the axletree of the wagon broke, necessitating a stoppage. Night came on and found them still delayed by the broken wagon. Rain fell and some of the troopers took a little spirits to keep out the cold. About midnight the troopers who were acting as sentries were alarmed by the rush of half a dozen mounted bushrangers. They endeavored to wake up the others, but they were overpowered and fastened to the trees. The contents of the wagon were divided among the gang, and they soon rode off followed by Wapping Hill and the three troopers. In the morning the bound troopers managed to awake the others by their cries, and then it was found by their condition that the spirits must have been drugged, hence their inability to offer any resistance.

"We held a hasty council and decided to send to a station four miles away for fresh troopers. By means of a fleet messenger a search party was organized, and they left the camp two hours later, preceeded by the black trackers to point out the trail. Luckily I managed to be enrolled among the party, much to my satisfaction. I had a score to settle with Wapping Bill and I intended to give a good account of him if we met. We numbered twenty resolute, well-armed fellows, carrying revolvers and knives, while the twelve troopers with us had rifles in addition.

"We proceeded first to the place of encounter. We found the wagon drawn off the track and overturned. The black tracker soon took up the trail and we went into the bush in Indian file. Our progress was necessarily slow, but we were quite certain of coming up with the rangers at last. We followed the blacks for a couple of hours, then one of them set up a warning cry, and we rushed forward. In the center of an open glade we saw the body of a man laid upon the ground. Scattered around were bits of canvas and grains of gold glittered in the grass. Examining the body we recognized it to be a person some of us had seen hanging about the camp for a few days previous to the starting of the escort. A small blue hole in his forehead told what had happened. Evidently a dispute had arisen among the rangers and this poor fellow had been shot for his obstinacy. We again took up the trail and proceeded. The bush now became less dense, and we made greater progress. About a mile further on one of the blacks, who was some hundred yards ahead, suddenly droped flat on the grass, and gave us a warning signal. Advancing cautiously to his side, we peered through the bushes. Down in a hollow were six bushrangers, seated around a small fire. Their horses were tethered near them, and various packages were scattered about. Our plans were soon laid. We made a detour and completely surrounded them. I crept quietly through the underwood, intending to reach a tree, which grew about twenty yards from the fire of the bushrangers. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder. I hastily turned and saw a tall ranger close by my side. He grasped me by the collar, and presented a revolver to my forehead.

"'One sound and I'll blow your brains out,' he hissed.

"Resistance was useless, so I submitted. He disarmed me, flung me on the ground and fastened my hands behind me with a cord he pulled from his pocket. He then went a few yards away to warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and the usual noise of a hand-to-hand encounter. Giving a short and sudden wrench I got loose and rushed forward to see the result of the fight. Just as I advanced I heard two shots fired almost simultaneously, and a bullet just shaved my head. I clapped my hand on my left ear. Heaven! the lobe was shot away. Another inch and I should have been killed.

"'Rather a narrow shave, that,' said one of the troopers, coming forward. 'I just saw the fellow drawing a bead on you when I dropped him.'

"I went forward and found the victory had been ours. Three of the rangers had been shot down, one of them Wapping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay on the ground, whilst one had escaped. Judge Lynch soon settled the two prisoners.

"We recovered all our gold and made preparations for our return. We gave the dead a hasty burial, easing them of course, of all valuables, etc. I found a pocketbook on the body of my would-be slayer, and from it gleaned a full account of the gang. From information therein contained Sandy and I some weeks later made a little expedition of our own to a place in the bush, where we found quite a collection of nuggets and dust—the result of many months of a bushranger's life. As it was impossible to restore the treasure to its lawful owners we were obliged to keep it. We returned to the camp, and, in consideration of our successful efforts, we received a share of the gold. Some months later I left the diggings, and returned home, married Mary, and settled down here. I ought to add that I gave the trooper who so bravely sayed my life an old silver ring to wear for my sake. I have never seen him since; but if ever I do, he shall be welcomed as a king. Such, gentleman, is the story of the 'Lucky Shot.'"

The hearty thanks of the company were devoted to Mr. White for his story, and the company drank the trooper's health.

"You never saw him after?" I asked Mr. White.

"Never, sir."

"Could you recognize him if you were to see him?" I asked.

"I can't say; he may have altered considerably; but I should recognize the ring immediately."

"Then is that it?" said I, putting out my right hand, on the little finger of which was the identical ring.

"It is; and you are Jack Fox?"

"I am; and I am exceedingly glad to meet an old friend once more."

Loud were the exclamations of joy at this disclosure. I accepted Mr. White's invitation to stay with him for a short time, and I must admit that I spent some very happy hours in "The Traveler's Rest."

A Famous Inventor's Rise.

In a letter from Fargo, Dakota, to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* we find the following: On the train from Bismarck to this city I met J. P. Rossiter, who had charge of all the Northern Pacific rolling-stock between Fargo and Livingston. Speaking of electrical inventions and improvements, Mr. Rossiter said he knew Prof. Elisha Gray very well. "We both worked at the same bench in a cabinet-maker's shop in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1854. His genius was a part of his birthright. I remember well his coming to the shop one day with his face badly cut by glass with which he had been experimenting in the mixture of chemicals. We worked a year or two together, and then Gray married Delia Shepherd. I knew her well, and she lived only a mile west of Oberlin. After that he moved on to her mother's farm, and commenced peddling milk and making butter. This he continued until he demonstrated his inability to make a profit, and succeeded in compelling his mother-in-law to mortgage her farm and sacrifice her property, whereupon he began the study of telegraphing and of telegraph instruments, something that he before knew nothing about.

Two or three years he spent in fooling with an old instrument, until his poverty increased to such an extent that his wife had to appeal to friends and neighbors for the necessaries of life. For weeks he would hardly speak to her, and the impression became prevalent that he was not in his right mind. One morning he returned from his work-room with a smile and said: "Delia, I've got it," and at once commenced a long dissertation upon the advantages of "a self-adjusting helix." So incomprehensible were his statements to the uncomplaining wife that she rushed off to the pastor of her church and confidentially told him that her worst fears were now confirmed, and there was no longer any question of her husband's insanity.

While appropriate action to be taken in the case was being discussed Gray slipped down to Cleveland, showed his invention to some capitalists and manufacturers and sold a half interest in the same for $250,000 cash before returning home. When last I saw him he was a millionaire, had traveled around the world with his wife, and had taken out his nineteenth patent.

A Man's Frame Reduced to Solid Bone.

A peculiar case, and one of great interest to the medical profession, is described herewith. It is that of Jonathan Bass, of Lewiston, about fifty years old, who has been afflicted with anchylosis for thirty-six years, and whose joints are now all immovable and his frame reduced to solid bone. For twenty-seven years he has reclined upon an invalid's bed, without the ability to move, and has been blind since 1869 from constant use of his eyes to read during his enforced confinement. His disease started in 1848, when he was a young lad eighteen years of age, living in Lockport. He did more or less work until 1857, constantly growing worse, until that year he was placed upon an invalid's bed, where he now lies, and, in fact, which he has never left since that time. He fed himself, however, until 1865, when his jaws like his other joints, became set and immovable, and he has since been fed with a spoon. He has a very hearty appetite, eats almost everything, and has a good digestion. He also converses easily and intelligently upon all subjects with which he is acquainted.

Every point is now perfectly anchylosed, or grown into solid bone, and his backbone is rigidly fixed, his arms are set at his side, and only five inches round at their largest part, while his legs are solid bone, eight and one-half inches round at the thigh. The bones of his fingers and toes have become absorbed, however, and have disappeared, leaving the flesh soft and plastic. He only weighs seventy pounds. His vital organs are in good order, and he may live for several years to come.

Doctors say this is a case without comparison in this or any other country.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.*

Creole Society in New Orleans.

A correspondent says that of recent years the creole element in New Orleans society has lost, to a considerable extent, that prominence which it formerly possessed. The old creole families have been slow to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of life in the Crescent City. Tenacious of old ways and forms, clinging with characteristic French fondness to the homes endeared to them by a thousand tender associations and pleasant memories, they have retired more and more within themselves as the waves of modern progress have swept with ever increasing force across the familiar paths they and their ancestors had trod for many generations, and gradually obliterated the landmarks which told of the luxury and splendor of the ante-bellum period. The loss of their slaves and the ravages of the war reduced most of these old families from affluence to comparative poverty. Most of the creole mansions in New Orleans are fallen into architectural decrepitude; but the occupants are still as stately, as dignified and as courteous as in the days of their prosperity. They are, if anything, more exclusive than before, and general society knows them less and less as the years pass by. Some of them of advanced years have never crossed Canal street, the line which separates the old city from the new.

A REMARKABLE COMMUNITY

FACTS ABOUT THE WONDERFUL "CITY IN THE AIR."

The Pueblo of Acoma in New Mexico —A Dangerous Place to Reach— Its Singular People.

A Santa Fe letter to the Lawrence (Kan.) *Journal* says: The pueblo of Acoma, situated ninety miles west of Alberquerque, is one of the most remarkable communities in New Mexico or the United States. To reach it take the Atlantic and Pacific railroad to McCarthy station and then transfer to an Indian pony and ride eight miles south by east. When near your journey's end you descend almost inperceptibly into the valley six miles in width, in the middle of which stands a butte, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living there, and they and their ancestors have gathered there the sum of their possessions for nearly three centuries. This butte is one of the many that are the remnants of a mesa that has been worn away by the erosion of ages, and survivors only in flat-topped mountains here and there. The valleys between are fertile, and untold generations of men have seen them covered with waving grain and flocks of sheep.

Some time in the seventeenth century the Laguno, or Valley Indian, made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country, and the latter, being the weaker, occupied this butte as a defensive position believed to be impregnable. Their judgment has been abundantly indicated. It has proved a Gibralter of strength and safety. The comparison is not inappropriate, and in approaching it from the north I was struck with the resemblance to the pictures I have seen of that grim fortress that frowns over the straits to the Mediterranean. The height above the valley is nearly 400 feet and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascent—one by a flight of steps cut into the face of the wall and rising at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the heart of the mountain. Both ways have been trodden by human feet until the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult, and neither is tolerably safe. We chose the one along the fissure. To give an idea of the laboriousness of the task, imagine a stairway starting at Mr. Grosvenor's office end rising to the top of the spire of the Methodist church, then continuing on an easy angle for one hundred feet, and then rising again by a steeper grade than ever to an elevation higher than the weathervane on the university, and this stairway a precarious footing along the sides of a gash in the rugged mountain, and you may know how we reached Acoma. With all the danger and fatigue it is a laughable sight to see a person—some other person—make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right ride and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hands alternately against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching either hand to the rocks, but I am satisfied I could never do it.

They told us of a pathetic incident that occurred on the outer stairway several generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When nearly to the top the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd in trying to hold it fast lost his footing, and in falling swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks at the foot in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the accident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route.

The top of the elevation is level and contains an area of sixty or seventy acres. At one side stands the pueblo, a blunt pyramid of adobe and stone, honey-combed with rooms; at the other the church and grave yard, and near the centre a pond of pure water thirty feet in depth and several rods in extent.

The priest was made acquainted with the object of our visit, and the ringing of the church bells brought the inhabitants of the village around us. When they understood that the titles to their lands was in question, and we had come to take testimony, they showed great interest, and discussed various points involved with remarkable intelligence, considering their limited opportunities for a knowledge of law. As nightfall came on a number of the men who had been at work in the valleys came up, bringing delicious peaches and grapes, which we were glad to accept in view of the meagre preparations for supper. We slept in the church, wrapped up in our Navajo blankets, and never felt more secure or happier in our lives. When the gray dawn peered through the little mica window pane, it revealed great roof beams more than a foot in diameter and thirty or forty feet long, and through the open tower a bell that was cast in 1710. How these immense timbers and this bell were brought up to the top of this cliff no one living knows. The Indians shake their heads and the priest shakes his, but no one ventures an opinion. The timbers are there, however, as witnesses, and morning and night as the seasons come and go and generations pass away, the bell speaks for itself in the silvery tones that pleased its founder in the far off Spain when King George was on the throne. The adobes—or the earth of which they were made—were brought up from the valley also, for the top of the butte was a bald rock in the beginning. And the earth for the graves came in the same way, requiring forty years, the priest said, to complete the graveyard. It is the only complete graveyard I have ever seen. The old priest seemed very happy in the charge of his flock, and his flock seemed happy in possession of him.

When the time for our departure came there was handshaking and handshaking, and a gracious blessing from the old man and a message to Father de Fouri, and we climbed down from the city in the air and rode back in silence to the railroad.

In the lead production of different countries Spain holds the first place, the amount reaching some 120,000 tons in one year, or one-sixth more than America, which comes next on the list, while Germany follows with 90,000. Of Spain's total production some 67,000 tons are derived from one district, that of Linares, in which more than 800 mines are registered

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A late scientific writer well says that every State in the Union should have an officer whose business it should be to study insect injuries and benefits.

In His Name.

In 1864 some wounded soldiers lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah valley. Mrs. B——, the mother of one of them, the wife of a neighboring planter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing with her such little comforts as she could obtain. Her house was burned, and the plantation was in ruins, trampled down by the army. One day she carried to him a pipkin of beef-tea. Every drop was precious, for it was with great difficulty, and at a high price, that she had obtained the beef from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy sip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry eye of a man on the next cot.

She turned away with a quick, savage pleasure in his want. He was a Yankee, perhaps one of the very band who had burned her home.

She was a bitter secessionist. But she was a noble-hearted woman, and a servant of God. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face, and she remembered the words of her Master: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

After a moment's pause, and with pressed lips, for it required all the moral force she could command for her to do it, she filled a bowl with broth and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words: "For His sake; for His sake; for His sake I do it."

Then she brought fresh water and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gentle as if he too had been her son. The next day when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a Senator from one of the Northern States brought home, during the Christmas vacation, as his chum, a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mrs. B—, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the latter years of the war.

She had struggled for years to educate this boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain a position, and was now supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank became much interested in this young Virginian, inquired into his qualifications, and after he had returned home used his influence to procure an appointment for him, as chief of the staff of engineers, employed to construct an important railway. It would yield him a good income for many years.

Senator Blank enclosed the appointment in one to Mrs. B—, reminding her of the farm-house on the Shenandoah, adding, "The wounded man with whom you shared that bowl of broth has long wished to thank you for it. Now he has done it."—*Youth's Companion.*

Not Tempted.

About forty years ago, a rich and eccentric man died in Paris, leaving a library worth six hundred thousand francs, "plus," as he added in his will, "three hundred and sixty thousand francs in gold, bank notes and public stock. They will be found somewhere." The heirs turned the house inside out, but not a coin or a bank note could they find.

"It has been stolen!" they said, and employed Paul Lacroix, a scholar, who died recently at the age of seventy-six, to catalogue the library. This anecdote, associated with his work, brings out the fact that a man who is thoroughly honest feels no temptation to dishonesty:

One day Paul Lacroix, while removing some books, fancied that a shelf of one of the bookcases produced a creaking, metallic sound, not to be accounted for by its construction. He removed the shelf, and found the secret hiding-place, in which, sure enough, the three hundred and sixty thousand francs were snugly ensconced.

Lacroix called the lawyer, who was in the next room. "I have found the hiding place."

"Which hiding-place?"

"The hiding-place of the money; here it is, and the money in it."

The lawyer stood aghast.. He began to stammer something about sublime honesty, etc.

Lacroix interrupted him with a "My dear sir, say no more about it; it is many years since I learned to spell."

He meant to convey that probity came to him as naturally as orthography.—*Youth's Companion.*

Strange Results of Duels.

One of the most singular feats of dueling is the fact that the lives of the combatants having not unfrequently been saved by articles carried on the person. The life of Broderick, of California, was once save by the ball of his antagonist striking his watch, while we have the oratories of Handel because the sword of his antagonist broke on a coat button. The fighting Irishmen, McNally and Barrington, once fought, and the bullet of one was turned aside by the suspender buckle of the other, while the second bullet lodged in a paper of gingernuts in the pocket of the first man. Another Irishmen fighting with Barrington had his life preserved by a brooch which he wore, in which the ball lodged, while Rochefort was spared for years to abuse his political enemies by the accident of having a five-franc piece in his vest pocket. But perhaps the most singular result ever known in a duel was that achieved by two French gentlemen named Pierrot and Arlequin, who at the word fired together, and each succeeded in killing the other's second. "What an escape!" cried a spectator, though the seconds had both fallen dead. But it may be safely affirmed that the friends of the seconds did not look on the matter in this accommodating way, and much trouble ensued, though finally the whole affair was dropped and no further fighting resulted from so unlucky a duel.

Lucky Fridays.

Friday, long regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history,

Friday, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry II. of England gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded.

Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Plymouth, and on Friday they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made.

Friday, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and on Friday the motion was made in Congress that the united colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

To recent progress in sanitary science Sir Joseph Tayrer, formerly surgeon-general of the army in India, attributes the fact that England's death-rate has decreased during the present century from forty in the thousand to twenty in the thousand.

A mountain explorer just returned from Asia states that during a four months' residence at a heighth of more than 15,000 feet above the sea his pulse, normally sixty-three beats per minute, seldom fell below one hundred beats per minute, and his respirations were often twice as numerous as at ordinary levels.

After many years of experimenting, a German chemist claims to have succeeded at last in coating instantaneously all the ordinary metals and their alloys with a thin film of brass, which can be varied in color. He uses only a single battery cell, and obtains at will solid deposits of various hues and brilliancy.

A new process of separating mixed cotton and wool rags consists in subjecting them to the action of a jet of superheated steam. The wool melts under a pressure of five atmospheres, and sinks to the bottom of the receptacle; while cotton and other vegetable fibres stand, thus remaining suitable for the paper manufacturer. The liquid mud containing the wool is then dried, and the residue, known as azotine, is valuable for its nitrogen.

Transfusion of blood has been successfully tried in the collapse of cholera by a member of the Paris Faculty of medicine. The patient, who was moribund when the remedy was tried, recovered from the death coma in a few minutes, and, from the moment of the transfusion spontaneously and rapidly improved. Human blood was employed in the case; but experiments are to be made with the blood of domestic animals, particularly sheep and cattle.

According to the novel computation of a German histologist, who has been calculating the aggregate cell forces of the human brain, the cerebral mass is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve cells, each an independent body, organism and microscopic brain, so far as concerns its vital relations, but subordinated to a higher purpose in relation to the function of the organ, each living a separate life individually, though socially subject to higher law of function. The life term of a nerve cell he estimates to be about sixty days, so that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour and nearly 2,500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny; while once in every sixty days a man has a totally new brain.

Beside the vast quantities of solid particles which are washed from the land into the sea—reducing the height of the entire Mississippi basin at the estimated rate of one foot in 6,000 years—much matter is dissolved by the water, and carried away in a state in which it ordinarily escapes notice. From data furnished by the Mississippi, the La Plata, the Amazon and the St. Lawrence, Mr. T. Mellard Reade, an English geologist, who has devoted much attention to the chemical denudation of the earth's surface, has calculated that the whole American continent is losing in this way an average of 100 tons per square mile each year. Similar results have been obtained for Europe, leading Mr. Reade to infer that the whole of the land draining into the Atlantic Ocean from America, Africa, Europe and Asia contributes matter in solution, which, if reduced to rock at two tons to the cubic yard, would equal one cubic mile every six years.

WISE WORDS.

Do not speak of your happiness to a less fortunate man than yourself.

There is a class of men ever ready to pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work.

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

Smiles are the higher and better responses of nature to the emotions of the soul. Let the children have the benefit of them.

It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Nothing is so dangerous as that self-sufficiency which comes from comparing ourselves with companions who are inferior to us.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people; and we never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

When we become exclusively absorbed in one pursuit, however legitimate it may be in itself, it draws the mind and interests away from all other things, and causes us to neglect them, though some of them may be distinctly defined duties as itself.

A Terrible Fate.

Prompt vengeance upon unfaithful members is a necessary element of every conspiracy, and Nihilists, Socialits and Fenians have altke made themselves noted for their ready use of the brisk method of administering justice recently exemplified by Mr. Richard Short. But on one occasion, which several men still living may be able to remember, the vengeance of the self chosen judges was made memorable by a picturesqueness of atrocity not easy to parallel. A suspicion of treachery (which afterward proved to be wholly unfounded) having fallen upon an Irish peasant in one of the western counties, he was visited one night by a band of men with blackened faces, who bade him take his pick and shovel and follow them. Supposing the whole affair to be merely a frolic, the unsuspecting man obeyed, and was led up to a lonely spot among the hills, where his conductors ordered him to dig a trench. "Is it big enough yet?" asked the poor fellow, innocently, after toiling for some time; "sure I'm getting tired." "Lie down in it and see," answered one of his gloomy companions. Scarcely had he done so when the others flung in the loose earth upon him, stamped it down, and buried the miserable wretch alive in the grave which his own hand had dug.—*New York Times.*

THE CURSE OF GUITEAU.

PRONOUNCED BY THE ASSASSIN UPON THE SCAFFOLD.

How the People Who Were Prominent at the Trial Prosper Under the Legacy.

For some weeks past, says a Washington letter in the Chicago *News*, a paragraph has been floating about the country setting forth the fact that Guiteau's curse which he pronounced upon the scaffold has fallen with baneful effect upon a number of those who were connected with his trial and execution. Last evening the *News'* correspondent directed the attention of General Crocker, the warden of the jail, to the article, and asked him how much truth there was in the statement. "It is utterly without foundation, and is as flimsy and unsubstantial a figment of the imagination as could well be devised," replied the general. "There were probably fifty persons more or less directly connected with Guiteau's imprisonment. Nineteen of these were the guards and prison attaches were Guiteau was confined. Twelve were members of the jury, and the remainder, including Judge Cox, were officers of the court, government counsel, and others. Three of these gentlemen have died since the hanging of Guiteau, but when it is remembered that most of these people were men of middle age or even older, it is a matter of surprise that so few should in the course of nature have passed away. Policeman Fowler has been mentioned as one upon whom the curse has fallen with particular violence. Fowler was killed a few months ago by a prisoner whom he was attempting to arrest. As a matter of fact, he had no more to do with the trial than any of a dozen newspaper men who were present from day to day. He was sometimes detailed for duty at the court room, but beyond that he had no connection whatever with the proceedings. Dr. Noble Young, the jail physician, who died recently, is another victim. Dr. Young died calmly in his bed at the advanced age of eighty-two years, and the only wonder is that he lived so long, as he had been a constant sufferer from kidney troubles for the past decade. The last of these alleged unfortunates is juror Pettibone, but as you may remember, Pettibone was sick during the course of the trial, and a postponement occurred several times on his account. His death, which followed a few months later, can hardly be coupled with any curse Guiteau might have uttered."

"Does it not appear to you, general," interrupted the correspondent, "that, so far from the people who surrounded Guiteau being cursed, the very opposite proves to be the case?"

"That is the very suggestion I was going to make. Colonel Corkhill, the United States district attorney who had charge of the case, has fallen heir within the past eighteen months to a fortune variously estimated at from $70,000 to $100,000, and is to-day more prosperous and wealthy than ever before. His assistants, Messrs. Davidge and Porter, are well and happy and enjoy a large practice in this city and New York. Sergeant Mason, who attempted to kill Guiteau by firing into his cell and in fact narrowly missing the assassin, is living in peace and retirement on his farm in Virginia, purchased with the $7,000 contribution which was raised by voluntary subscription during his confinement in the Albany penitentiary. Prior to this Mason had drawn a salary of $17 a month as an under-sergeant in the regular army, while his wife had helped support the family by taking in washing and performing other menial services. They are rich to-day beyond their wildest expectations. But for Guiteau they would still be living a hand-to-mouth existence. Bill Jones, the avenger, as he was facetiously called, who, in a drunken frolic, also attempted Guiteau's life, pursues his vocation as a farmer just across the Maryland border, and finds great comfort in the thought that his name will be linked with that of the assassin of Garfield by the historian of future ages. The eleven jurymen who survive Mr. Pettibone are all leading contented and peaceful lives, and the same may be said of the prison attaches. Perry Carson, the tall, good-looking negro who drove the prison van from the jail to the court-house, became a figure of such importance during the trial that his admiring colored friends of the district sent him as a delegate to the Republican convention at Chicago. He is now the proprietor of a flourishing liquor-saloon near the Pennsylvania avenue railway station, and has a substantial sum to his credit in one of the local savings banks. He never probably earned $50 a month before the shooting.

Mrs. Garfield, as you know, is worth half a milion of dollars. President Arthur has lived to finish his term as chief magistrate. So you see there's nothing in Guiteau's curse. The people who fell under his displeasure seem to have prospered, while, so far as I am able to judge, it has injured no one."

"What disposition of Guiteau's body was made?"

General Crocker, who had been talking with great glibness, began pulling his beard nervously, and when he replied did so with evident embarrassment. "I can't answer that question," he replied.

"Why not? Is there any mystery connected with it?"

"There are but two other people in the world who know the place of Guiteau's burial. There are reasons why it should be kept a secret."

"But his skeleton is said to be on exhibition at the medical museum?"

"If people choose to believe so, that don't prove its correctness, does it?"

"No; but why should you object to enlighten men?"

"Men at Washington, higher and mightier than I, desired that the secret of his grave should die with those of us who performed the interment. I do not think the exact place of his burial will ever be known to another living soul."

There was the same mystery about John Wilkes Booth's last resting place. Years afterward it was discovered that he had been buried in the basement of the United States arsenal, where the remains had been deposited in quick-lime and almost entirely destroyed. Within recent years the few bones that remained were disinterred at his brother Edwin's request, and now rest in the family vault of the Booths at the cemetery in Baltimore.

A pie in 1770 was made of two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges two neats' tongues, two curleys, seven blackbirds and six pigeons. A pie can now be had from one slice of dried apple and a piece of soggy dough, such is the march of improvement.—*Courier-Journal.*

RULES FOR A HAPPY LIFE.

Wouldst thou be a happy liver,
Happy and studious to enhance
The glory of the great Life-Giver,
Launch not thy boat to drift at chance
On life's broad-rushing river.
Live as a man and count it treason
To man to live divorced from reason;
Prove your ground and know your game,
And ply your task with stout endeavor,
Nor courting praise, nor fearing blame.
Know your own worth and know not less
Your neighbor's weight and worthiness;
And where he works well let him do
The work that might be spoiled by you.
Make a good friend where'er you can;
Not wise is he who hath no eyes
To know how fools may help the wise;
With loving deeds bind man to man,
But never shrink with blinking eyes
From what they only learn who try;
And though you stand alone, in sight
Of God be bold to hold the right.
March bravely on and if you stumble
Never groan and never grumble;
Rise again with wise forgetting;
Wounds were never salved by fretting;
Watch your chance and know your hour
And let the moment feel your power;
Shape your path and keep your rules
With deaf ear turned to meddling fools.
'Tis dull to wait and hard to stand,
But God's time comes with high command,
That claims the service of your hand.
Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge,
Oft sought for at school and college;
Split the rock and turn the sod,
With busy hands cast hones seed,
Stoutly uproot each harmful weed
And let the seasons wait on God!

—*John Stewart Blackie, in Leisure Hour*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An early riser—Yeast.

A wet day—Wash-day.

The dark cages—Dungeon cells.

A man need not necessarily be possessed of musical ability to strike a liar.—*Bloomington Eye.*

None of our dentists have yet evinced enough enterprise to advertise "Misfit teeth a specialty."—*Norristown Herald.*

A little New Hartford three-year-old boy, in admiring his baby brother, exclaimed, "He's got a boiled head, like papa."

The fact that the poet is born, not made, relieves our educational system from a serious responsibility.—*Boston Courier.*

A New York woman ate a porous plaster instead of applying it in the usual way. Her neighbors declared she was a terribly stuck-up thing.—*Blizzard.*

Miss Angelica: I suppose you have been going out a great deal lately, Mr. McFamish?" "No; I have only been to one dinner in two weeks." "Dear me! You must be hungry."

"I am surprised, John," said an old lady when she found the butler helping himself to some of the finest old port. "So am I, ma'am. I thought you had gone out," was the reply.

The true use of a porus plaster, according to a Milwaukee druggist, is "to retain the back in its pro

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1885.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1885.

—The Legislature had better go slow in increasing taxation.

—Great mortality in the Rolesville section of Wake county, by a combination of measles and pneumonia.

—A New York city bank director has been robbed of his cash box containing $14,000 worth of securities, at the door of his residence.

—Mrs. James Russell Lowell, wife of the U. S. Minister to England, died on the 19th inst.

—The New York *World* says there are more than 75,000 idle workingmen and women in that city alone.

—A pamphlet copy of the annual report of the Directors of the Eastern North Carolina Insane Asylum located at Goldsboro, received.

—The Raleigh *Visitor* says: Those who know the Code now will not be acquainted with it to any useful extent in the future, if we may judge from the onslaughts made upon it by the present General Assembly. It is a book "all tattered and torn," and no mistake.

—The President has nominated George H. Craig to be U. S. District Attorney for the North and Middle Districts of Alabama; James E. Boyd, for the Western District of North Carolina; Thos. B. Keogh, to be United States Marshal for the Western District of North Carolina; Wm. H. Hicks to be Surveyor-General of Florida, and Patrick H. Winston, Jr., of North Carolina, to be Registrar of the Land Office at Lewiston, Idaho.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—On Saturday last, the 21st instant, the Washington monument in Washington City, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies. The weather was intensely cold and disagreeable, but notwithstanding a large crowd assembled around the statue. The Masonic exercises were conducted by Grand Master Parker. President Arthur, Senator Sherman and Hon. J. W. Daniel, of Virginia, delivered addresses.

FOREIGN.—El Mahdi seems to be in good spirits and warns the English not to arouse the Moslems. So far, England has spent a great deal of money in the Soudan to very little purpose, and the English outlook there is not encouraging just now. There is a feeling of alarm in England respecting the safety of their armies in Africa. Gen. Stewart died of his wounds received in the engagement with the Arabs at Zaraba. Gen. Buller's forces are hemmed in by the Arabs at Abu Klea Wells, and fears are entertained that he may meet the fate of Gordon.

TEXAS.—A terrible fight in a railroad car, on the trains between Austin and New Braunfels, Texas, recently. Marshal Gosling had the two prisoners, James Pitts and Chas Yeager, who had been sentenced for life to the penitentiary at San Antonio, in charge and manacled together. The mother of Pitts and the wife of Yeager and several male friends of the convicts were aboard. Marshal Gosling sat on a seat fronting the prisoners, and though warned by his deputies, seemed not uneasy, when suddenly he was confronted by the prisoners and shot down before he could defend himself. A promiscuous shooting now took place, deputies, women and men engaging in a regular battle. Several were shot down, and during the melee the prisoners escaped from the car and jumped, still manacled together, from the train at full speed and fell, being shot at by a passenger. They, however, managed to get away to the neighboring woods and disappeared. Two of the women in the car were badly hurt, and are lying at New Braunfels in a critical condition. The men are in jail there, and parties are organizing for the pursuit of the fugitives.

—At Mount Mitchell, in Western North Carolina, is a mine containing a white rock which is called "deception", for the reason that crushed into powder it can be used for adulterating sugar without deception. Three hundred barrels are shipped to New York weekly.

—Straw hats and linen dusters will not be so very popular as heretofore; Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, however, will be as popular as ever.

THE LEGISLATURE.

TAKEN FROM THE RALEIGH DAILIES.

Bill to transfer Clemmonsville township, Davidson county, to Forsyth county. Mr. Buxton offered a substitute, to change the dividing line between said counties so as to make the desired change. Mr. Buxton, in advocating the bill, stated that he did so at the instance of citizens of Clemmonsville township, by petition which he had in his possession, signed by 263 out of 205 voters of said township, and not in the interest of Forsyth county which he had the honor to represent; he advocated it solely in the interest of parties most intimately concerned, and as a matter of justice to them.

Mr. Robins opposed the bill, and by way of introduction took occasion to allude to what he termed a misrepresentation and slander of him in the *Chronicle* a few days ago. He continued then to state his objections to the bill under consideration. Finally, the substitute of Mr. Buxton was adopted for the original bill, and then failed to pass by a vote of 14 to 28.

On motion of Mr. Robins the vote by which the bill failed to pass was reconsidered, and on his motion that motion was laid on the table.

To amend the charter of Winston by allowing collection of privilege taxes for the use of the graded schools, passed second reading.

Bill to make it a misdemeanor to mutilate or otherwise deface signs or other advertisements, passed second and third readings.

Bill to amend chapter 2347 of the Code, relating to public roads in Forsyth county, passed second and third readings.

Bill to establish a public graded and high school in District No. 11, Cabarrus County, passed its third reading in the Senate.

Mr. Buxton, from sundry proprietors of tobacco warehouses of Forsyth county, asking to be relieved from warehouse tax.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—It is announced that in view of the fact that the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon have rendered the main object of Wolseley's expedition impossible, the government has deemed it expedient to change the whole plan of the campaign in the Soudan. Gen. Brackenbury, who succeeded the late Gen. Earle, has been ordered to abandon his advance on Berber and to concentrate his troops at Korti. Col. Buller, who evacuated Gubat on the 13th inst., and withdrew his forces to Abu-Klea, has also been ordered to fall back on Korti. All the available troops in Gen. Wolseley's command will be concentrated at that place, at Debbes and Korosko, the main body being at Korti.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—A dispatch from Korti brings the sad intelligence of the death of Gen. Sir Herbert Stewart, who was wounded at the Zereba fight of January 19. His death occurred February 16 at Gadkul Wells, where the wounded were brought from Gubat. His death the dispatch adds, has cast a profound gloom over the whole army.

FIRE AT CHARLOTTE.

A Heavy Loss---A Fatal Burning and a Murder.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Feb. 21.—A fire here early this morning destroyed Schiff Brothers' building on Trade Street, also the adjoining building. The fire communicated to the rear rooms of the Central Hotel but was extinguished with little damage. Grace Howard, a disreputable woman, was fatally burned. The losses and insurances are: Schiff Bros., on building $6,000, insurance $5,000; H. C. Eccles, owner of building occupied as drug stores, loss $5,000, insurance $5,000; Schiff & Co., loss $4,000, insurance $1,500; William Wilson, loss $29,000, insurance $17,500; Thos. Reese & Co., loss $7,000, insurance $2,000.

Sam Richardson, a colored fireman, ran against Isaiah Bronson, also colored, and broke two eggs in the latter's pocket. Bronson thereupon cut Richardson's throat. Richardson walked across the street to a drug store and fell dead in the doorway. Bronson was arrested. Both men had been drinking.

Buried Alive.

Mary Cox, of Springfield, West Va., a beautiful and popular young lady who lived near the mouth of the Little Capon river, was taken violently ill. The physician decided that she was suffering from neuralgia of the stomach, and prescribed morphia. A dose was administered at once, and another left with instructions to give it in 24 hours.

For some reason the second dose was given in a very short time. An hour or two afterward, the death of Miss Cox was announced, and two days later the body was buried.

At the funeral one lady insisted that Miss Cox was not dead, and begged that a physician be sent for. That night the dogs of a man living near the grave-yard stationed themselves near the tomb and kept up a persistent howling.

The next day the grave was opened, and to the horror of all, it was found that the girl had been buried alive. The lining was torn from the sides of the casket, and the pillow was in shreds. The poor girl had literally stripped the cloths from her body. Her hands and arms were torn and bleeding, and the lips were bitten through, and handsful of hair were torn from her head. The girl had come to life, and had made a fearful struggle to escape. The awful affair fills the community with horror.

—London pays not only in discomfort but in shillings for her fogs. On January 7, being foggy, one city gas company sent out 35,000,000 cubic feet of gas about the ordinary quantity which, at 75 cents per 1000 feet, the London price, means an outlay on one day for this "luxury" of $26,250. The total number of feet supplied on that day was 96,000,000, to produce which required the carbonization of 9,500 tons of coal, the largest quantity ever used by that company before in one day.

THE DESERT WAR.

What About and How it Happened.

(Charleston News and Courier.)

The present war in the Soudan is the consequence of the attempt of Egypt to reconquer Equatorial Africa. The Soudan is a vast track of Africa, stretching from Egypt on the north to the Nyanza lakes on the south, and from the Red Sea on the east to the western boundary of Darfur on the west. Khartoum is about equally distant, that is to say, between 1,100 and 1,200 miles, as the crow flies, from the northern boundary of Egypt, the Mediterranean, and from Victoria Nyanza, the southern boundary. The sovereignty of the Soudan was seized by Egypt in 1819, and in 1856 Said Pasha, the Khedive, only desisted from abandoning the country in deference to the representations of the Sheikhs and notables, who declared that anarchy would follow. There was a rebellion in 1865, which was suppressed. In 1874 Chinese Gordon was appointed Governor-General of the Equatorial provinces. Becoming absolute ruler of the Soudan, he established a system of just and equitable government, which led, after his departure, to the revolt against the misgovernment of the Egyptian officials. A whole horde of Turks, Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks were let loose to harry the unfortunate Soudanese. There was intense discontent. The revolt of the Mahdi, or false prophet, took shape in 1881, the year that Arabi made himself dictator in Lower Egypt. The fortunes of El Mahdi varied, but he gathered recruits as he went along, and, in 1882, he surrounded and massacred 6,000 Egyptian soldiers. When Arabi Pasha had been smashed up by the English the Khedive undertook to reassert Egyptian authority in the Soudan. Abd-el-Kader was in charge of the Egyptian forces and occasionally repulsed the Soudanese. Hicks Pasha, an English officer in the Egyptian service, took command in March, 1883, and, after some successes, fought El Mahdi's forces at Kashgate, where, after three days' fighting, Hicks was killed and his army cut to pieces. There were few survivors of the ill-fated 11,000. All thought of suppressing the Mahdi was abandoned. Thenceforth, the only discussion was how to save Khartoum and the Eastern Soudan, which in turn gave place to consideration of the best means of abandoning them.

It was determined to evacuate the Soudan, in which there were ten fortified places occupied by Egyptian troops, who numbered altogether 44,000 men. The difficulties in the way of the evacuation became daily more evident. Up to this time be it remembered, England had had nothing to do with the Soudan, and had declined to be in any way responsible for its occupation or evacuation. There were piteous appeals for help, and the English Government was urged to push forward a column to Suakim, on the Red Sea, to Berber, so as to keep open the line of communication with Khartoum. Chinese Gordon, meanwhile, had given his views very freely, and in January, 1884, he was requested by the English Government to proceed at once to Egypt and report to them on the military situation in the Soudan, and on the measures it might be advisable to take for the security of the Egyptian garrisons still holding positions in that country, and for the safety of the European population in Khartoum. This was the extent of the duty which Gordon cheerfully assumed. In February he arrived at Khartoum, accompanied by a small escort, and long afterward assured the Government that Khartoum was in no danger. A British expeditionary force under Graham defeated the Mahdi's lieutenant, Osman Digna, at Tokar and Tamanieb, but went no further.

As late as March last, Gen. Gordon said that with 500 determined men he could put down the trumpery revolt, as he called it, and a month later he telegraphed that he felt free to act according to circumstances, and if he could not suppress the rebellion he would retire to the Equator. It must be remembered that it was never part of Gen. Gordon's mission that he should be supported or rescued by a British army. When he was sent to Khartoum the idea was that he should have a free hand and nothing else. As, however, it was seen that he was absurdly mistaken in his estimate of the character of the rebellion, and was really in imminent peril, the feeling that he should be rescued, at any hazard, grew stronger and stronger. His was a Quixotic undertaking, but he had endeared himself to the people by the very extravagancies of his conduct and his marvellous self-confidence and courage, and the Government resolved to send an expeditionary force under Gen. Wolseley to raise the siege of Khartoum.

England's present object is to save the remaining garrisons in the Soudan, or to avenge them. To this end the whole of the vast resources of the British empire will be employed if necessary.

—It is asserted on good authority that the productiveness of the labors of illiterate persons is from 25 to 50 per cent less than if the same labor was intelligent, and this is the economic basis of the argument in favor of national aid to public schools. The illiterate classes produce twenty-five times their proportionate share of paupers and ten times their pro rata share of criminals. This is the basis of the humanitarian argument for aid. Of 6,239,958 persons over ten years of age who cannot read or write, 1,908,818 are voters. This is the basis of the political argument for State aid. All three are deserving of consideration, but education does not fill the requirements. The evils lie deeper than can be reached by mere educational remedies, but they could be safely undertaken first, and other remedies could be safely left to wait their turn.

RAMBLES.

Egypt without her Nile, would be most certainly but a desert lying as she does, right in the midst of the long and very broad belt of Desert land, beginning from the midst of Asia, and stretching in a westerly direction through Arabia and then on the other side of the Red sea, in the same direction to the furthest west of Africa. Thus the "River of Egypt" may be considered as the prime foundation of that very ancient Egyptian civilization, which though partly revealed, has still so very much of interesting mystery for this 19th Century. From the Nile, my imagination then takes a big step to a certain noted river in France—the river Gironde—after which was named that historical, noble party of men,—the noblest element in the French Revolution—who loved Liberty so dearly, but hated License;—who alas with their lives had to pay for the purity of their principles, because the power of the Terrorists prevailed for the time—whose political creed will ever by History be deemed unquestionably the highest and purest, whose principles will surely prevail in the end and have prevailed. Who can tell how much of their noble independence and brave unselfishness, was inspired by remembrances of their lives near their beloved River. When they were in a body led to the Guillotine, when standing on its platform they continued singing the song of Liberty whilst one after another of them was taken and decapitated, so that their song became fainter and fainter—were they not with their minds' eyes then beholding their old friend, the river Gironde, now flowing along gently between green banks, at other times raging wildly as a mighty torrent, and carrying the gigantic Bore from the Ocean mountain high—having been to them a wise instructor, foretelling them thus those mighty changes awaiting them in their abruptly closed lives?

It is a rather long way from the Gironde to the river Rhine—but in Spirit we can travel fast—and instantly find ourselves there on the banks of the largest river, of our German Fatherland,—the river whom we love to call the Father Rhine, and round whom cluster, Poetry, song, art, romance, history and beauty of nature, in untold richness and profusion. It has been my privilege for three years to live on the banks of that River, and to know from experience the peculiar spirit of Independence, yet friendliness and honesty, characteristic of the Rhinelanders.

I have during my various visits to the Yadkin river, but especially during the present one, been reminded amongst the dwellers on the Yadkin of what was so familiar to me near the Rhine. Enough to convince me that the river Yadkin also impresses its type—and a very noble type it is—upon those born within its influence No wonder that those who have once lived near to our 'River'—most of all those born near it—love it so dearly—and continue feeling ever so affectionately towards it—if by chance they had to leave it,—far behind.

On Saturday afternoon, after preaching, we drove on from the church, a road nearly parellel to the river, going northward. We had soon to cross a noted high road, the Glenn Ferry road—near a large, fine looking house, the Glenn House, lying a piece off the road, like a comfortable castle in the midst of its grounds. After that the road became indeed very rough, but the country round about fine and interesting. Almost every little hill near the river, seems to be crowned by some pleasant residence. The kind gentleman who showed us the road to our destination for the night, riding before us all the way till near the end of our journey, when he turned off to his own residence, was the Sheriff of Yadkin county. I had never seen him before and I have never seen him since, but one might know him at once for a kind-hearted and true man of most sterling trustworthiness. For there is, as we all know, such a thing as an instantaneous telegraphy between mind and mind, whereby we may know at once, whether a character is of the real gold. Besides this, our friendly guide bore the unmistakable family likeness of his aunt, a highly respected single old lady, who died some few years ago, well known to all inhabitants of Salem.

Emerging out of a large grove of tall trees, we at last passed an extensive Grapery, remarkable in appearance by a large number of paper sacks fastened every where about the grapevines. What these queer looking paper sacks meant and what they contained, we learned and tasted on the following day. And now we have arrived at our place of destination for this day, the house of Mr. Craft, whose nurseries, fruit trees and fruits are noted and prized far and wide. The situation of the house is exceedingly beautiful, on the top of a smooth hill, in sight of the near Yadkin river and with an open and near prospect on the Pilot mountain, which, being from here only half the distance it is from Salem, looks consequently four times as large as we are accustomed to see it from here.

Before supper we went again down to our old friend, the river, which is only a few hundred yards distant, forming just at this point a considerable island. In coming up from there again, I noticed that the sun had just set and the moon had just risen. Accordingly it ought to have been Full Moon—nevertheless our solitary Satellite looked only like a strange fragment — what could this be? There were no clouds—it must be therefore an Eclipse. Arrived at the house, my first question was for Blum's Almanac—a copy of which useful publication was at once produced—and there on the first page after the front leaf it told us all about it, viz: on October 4th an Eclipse of the moon, partly visible with us." I shall with interest remember this Eclipse for it is at any certain place, of course a rare occurrence that the Moon rises in an eclipsed state. The aspect under these circumstances is also peculiar; for while in a lunar Eclipse viewed in the night—the Eclipsed part of the moon becomes again visible through refracted light, looking quite red—this same part seemed in this case completely wiped out or non-existing. After a beautifully refreshing night's rest and a good breakfast, the master of the house took us for a walk round his graperies and part of his orchards, showing us also his large fish pond, wherein he raises German Carp. Among the grape vines, a good many of the paper sacks which we had noticed yesterday were opened and the contents disclosed and partly eaten, partly taken along—viz: the finest grapes, perfectly preserved—some almost shrivelled up like raisins—of course intensely sweet. This brings to my mind some little remembrance from childhood. In our garden there used to be a number of good plum trees, bearing oval shaped, bluish prunes. It used to happen that here and there a single prune remained on the tree till late in the cold Autumn months; then nothing could surpass these single left over prunes; shrivelled up and cold as they were—in sweetness and perfection of taste.

It was instructing and interesting to hear the owner of the place telling of his methods, mostly learned by own experience, of raising trees and encouraging and perfecting their bearing of fruit. It seems wonderful to think how man by his minute care, observation and intelligence, can, as it were, enter into the very nature of plants and trees, and can materially assist them in growing and bearing fruit according to his plan and arrangement. Interesting and unexpected also it was to hear, that the demand for fruit trees is unlimited and far from supplied,—that if, several times as many fruit trees could be furnished from this plantation, as there are furnished now,—there would be found for them ready demand.

Here then at last, there is a branch of industry wherein the demand exceeds the supply! And what a noble industry! What a pure and clean industry! To work practically for the fruit interest—is not that something like a practical Apostleship for Temperance? Is not the very word 'Frugality,' derived from the Latin root 'Frug'—which means fruit? Enough to the wise! Furthermore, to live and to work among trees and their fruits, what a pure,—what a healthful occupation! Having enjoyed this uncommon experience of eating fresh grapes and juicy ripe pears in October, we had to bid goodbye to our kind host and his family and to his lovely place of residence, in order to be in time for the morning service at Enon church, at which I had promised to give an address. My appointment had been for ten in the morning; we arrived only about 11 o'clock, still we were over an hour before time. For the good pastor of the Church was engaged in the same good work—*i. e.*, Baptizing, which, as we read in the Bible, John the Baptist was performing at the original Enon. At last the congregation flocked together, and I was again in a most cordial manner invited to speak to the assemblage. Then my thoughts wandered back once more to those nine years which I have spent in daily sight of the deep blue Caribbean Sea—under palm trees,—among the sugar cane fields, or amidst the arid plains of the Tropical Islands of the West Indies. Time began after service to press—for we were late and had a long journey before us to travel home. Of the many hearty and urgent invitations for dinner, which we received on this day, we accepted that of Mr. F., according to original arrangement,—and soon found ourselves at his residence, on the same plantation which used to be inhabited by the late Mr. Conrad, and which now is the property of his son-in-law Dr. W., in Salem. We were sorry at not having much time to cultivate any longer the acquaintance of the genial Mr. F., and his family, and to enjoy the beauty of the large verandah before the house. As it is, we made the best of our short opportunity.

No place that I have seen since many years, has reminded me so much of one of the plantations or "Estates" in the West Indies, with their peculiar "Great Houses"—as this residence at which we this day took our hearty dinner.

And now—goodbye to the river—may be for a long time—may be—forever!—A long and very dusty road home—at last, night and darkness setting in, remind us again of the worry and care of every day life—also of the veil of darkness, wherewith God's kind Providence mercifully hides from us the Future! Still—as our old friend Horace observes, so have we done these two days in some measure:

Carpe diem—
Quam minimum—
Credulus postero!

ARECA.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—The United States owns nearly 100,000,000 acres of valuable timber land near the Rocky Mountains, which is rich in fir, pine, spruce and cedar.

—A solution of gutta-percha in chloroform (four to thirty) is useful to protect the skin over projecting bones, and to prevent bed-sores in wasting disease.

LONDON, February 19.—Advices have just been received from the government of Irkutsk, in Eastern Siberia, to the effect that a large number of Russian exiles there had revolted, but were subdued after a desperate conflict with the authorities. Nine soldiers and thirty exiles were killed, and many were wounded on both sides. Great excitement had prevailed, but affairs are now quiet, although a number of the unruly fear swift punishment.

LYNCHBTRG, VA., Feb. 18.—The Victoria iron mines and furnaces, in Rockbridge county, have shut down on account of overstock, and 1200 men are thrown out of employment.

NORFOLK, VA., Feb. 18.—Enon G. Ghio, general superintendent of the Seaboard & Roanoke railroad company, died this morning after a short illness.

THE

Great Fertilizer

FOR FINE

BRIGHT TOBACCO

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR ★ BRAND"

SPECIAL

TOBACCO MANURE

1865. - - - - 1885.

For the twenty years during which we have been selling and manufacturing Fertilizers, we have made the **TOBACCO CROP** the subject of special study and extensive experiments, with the object of making the best possible Fertilizer for that crop, without regard to analyses or book valuations. The relative value of the different fertilizing materials has been studied in the Plant-Bed, in the Field, in the Barn, and in the Salesroom. Our

SPECIAL

TOBACCO MANURE

is the product of the information and skill gained in this continuous effort to improve, and we offer it with great confidence as being the

VERY BEST

FERTILIZER FOR BRIGHT TOBACCO

yet made. Crops raised with it bring the highest average prices in all the markets of Virginia and North Carolina.

IMPORTANT.

We use nothing in its manufacture but materials of the highest grade which are known to be specially adapted to this crop. We use no Fiery Ammoniates, Ground Leather, Horn, Hoof, Shoddy, or Wool Waste, or other inferior or injurious Ammoniates.

ALLISON & ADDISON,
Manufacturers, Richmond, Va.

FOR SALE BY

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grass Seeds and Star Brand Fertilizers.

WINSTON, N. C.

February 24, 1885—1y.

1885.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

With the new volume, beginning in December, HARPER'S MAGAZINE will conclude its thirty-first year. The oldest periodical of its type, it is yet in each new volume, a *new magazine*, not simply because it presents fresh subjects and new pictures, but also, and chiefly, because it steadily advances in the method itself of magazine-making. In a word, the MAGAZINE becomes more and more the faithful mirror of current life and movement. Leading features in the attractive programme for 1885 are: new serial novels by CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON and W. D. HOWELLS; a new novel entitled "At the Red Glove;" descriptive illustrated papers by F. D. MILLET, R. SWAIN GIFFORD, E. A. ABBY, H. GIBSON, and others; Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," illustrated by ABBEY; important papers on Art, Science, etc.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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HERPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

The volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current Number.

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1885.

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ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has now, for twenty years, maintained its position as the leading illustrated weekly newspaper in America. With a constant increase of literary and artistic resources, it is able to offer for the ensuing year attractions unequalled by any previous volume, embracing a capital illustrated serial story by W. E. NORRIS; illustrated articles with special reference to the West and South, including the World's Exposition at New Orleans; entertaining short stories, mostly illustrated, and important papers by high authorities on the chief topics of the day.

Every one who desires a trustworthy political guide, an entertaining and instructive family journal entirely free from objectionable features in either letter-press or illustrations, should subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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The last Five Annual Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense, (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume.

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1885.

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ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is the only paper in the world that combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and methods of household adornment. Its weekly illustrations and descriptions of the newest Paris and New York styles with its useful pattern-sheet supplements and cut patterns, by enabling ladies to be their own dressmakers, save many times the cost of subscription. Its papers on cooking, the management of servants and house-keeping in its various details are eminently practical. Much attention is given to the interesting topic of social etiquette, and its illustrations of art needle-work are acknowledged to be unequalled. Its literary merit is of the highest excellence, and the unique character of its humorous pictures has won for it the name of the American *Punch*.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States and Canada.

The Volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number of January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of order.

The last Five Annual Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume.

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1885.

Harper's Young People.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The serial and short stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have all the dramatic interest that juvenile fiction can possess, while they are wholly free from what is pernicious or vulgarly sensational. The humorous stories and pictures are full of innocent fun, and the papers on natural history and science, travel and the facts of life, are by writers whose names give the best assurance of accuracy and value. Illustrated papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes give full information on these subjects. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid. $2 Per Year.

Vol. VI. commences November 4, 1884.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each.

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The People's Press.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9 Leaves Salem,		6.00 a. m.
" 10 Arrives	"	11.38 a. m.
" 11 Leaves	"	5.10 p. m.
" 12 Arrives	"	11.57 a. m.

—Davie Court this week.

—Light snow Tuesday. Heavy sleet Tuesday night.

—Anniversary of Washington's Birth day last Sunday.

—James Beeson is the Miller at Hine & Sides' Mill, near Friedland church.

—Fifty-seven days have already past since New Year, leaving 308 to complete the year.

—Full Moon on Saturday afternoon, ushering in March on Sunday, the first spring month.

—Mr. Clark, of Massachusetts, has rented Sunnyside farm, and will occupy it in a short time.

—Mrs. Fries' house, (the old Vogler building) has been repaired. Prof. Agthe will soon occupy it.

—A stubborn mule[1] circus caused considerable merriment among spectators at this end of town on Tuesday.

—The ladies of the Academy were amused with a sleight of hand performance on last Thursday night by Prof. Pray.

—Jacob Williard, while chopping in the woods, a few days ago, was struck on the head by a falling limb and badly hurt.

—Irish Linen peddlers are moving around through the country. They carry huge packs, and the goods seem of a fair quality.

—Broadbay Public School will close with a public exhibition on Saturday next, 28th inst. Miss Belle Hendricks, Teacher.

—Solicitor Joseph Dobson, of the seventh judicial district, has recently sustained a stroke of paralysis and is in a very feeble condition.

—Stories for Home Folks young and old, by Grace Greenwood, John B. Alden, publisher, New York, received. It is an interesting book of short stories.

—Willie Shepherd, fell from the third story of Brown's Tobacco Factory, a distance of some forty feet, through the elevator, to the first floor. Injured severely.

—A number of accidents by falling on the icy pavements recently, but only one of a serious nature, that of Mrs. L. M. Fries, who is still suffering from the effects of a fall.

—A runaway team smashed up a wagon, near the tan yard, several days since. The small boys in the wagon were unable to manage the horses, but fortunately escaped unhurt.

Hinshaw & Bynum.

The new advertisement of Messrs. Hinshaw & Bynum cannot fail to attract general attention. By all means call and see them if you wish anything in their line.

—Yesterday was the first Emberday of the year. Tuesday was Matthias. The rough weather on both those days, according to old sayings among the people, indicate an early Spring. We hope it will prove so

—The Winston Grist mill team ran away on Tuesday evening last, smashing the wagon, and breaking the arm of the driver, James Ham. Mrs. Nicholson was also slightly hurt by jumping from the wagon, when the horses started.

—Prof. Jordan, teacher of vocal music at the Graded School visits Elm Street Public School in Salem, every afternoon and teaches the scholars of that institution how to warble. The Professor also teaches a night singing school at the same place, his nights for singing being Tuesday and Thursday nights.

—*Leader.*

BETHANY, DAVIDSON CO., 2-21-'85.

The public school at Belled Buzzard School house, Davidson county, will close on Saturday next, 28th, with an exhibition. Also an exhibition at the Wagner School house, on March 7th.

Preparations are being made for a greatly increased acreage in Tobacco in this section. Several barns are being put up. ROLO.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Feb. 21th, 1885:

Miss Nannie Berry, John Chavis, I. N. Cook, Mrs. Mary Disher, W. E. Harman, J. F. Lewiston, John Livengood, Lott Lewallen, Miss Judie Minish, Miss R. E. McBride, J. T. McLeviston, J. T. Matthews, Mrs. Cornelia Petree, Christian Robson, Mrs. Permain Snyder, Miss Cassie Sink, Henry Spaugh, Alfred Smith, Franklin Sink, David Shoaf, C. S. Spach, Miss Sarah Tesh, Miss Laura Zimmerman.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters. If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

J. BLICKENDERFER, P. M.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

An old Man 75 years of age Robbed by a Negro while on his way Home from Town.

On last Wednesday morning Mr. Levi Crews, 75 years of age, came to Winston, with a load of produce and a turn of grist. He sold his produce, and sometime in the afternoon procured his grist, which he had ground at Wachovia mills, and started for his home, some 4 or 5 miles from town. On his way through East Salem, and just beyond the residence of A. L. Stype, he was accosted by a negro man who asked if he could ride. The negro's request was granted, and Mr. Crews proceeded on his way, accompanied by the negro. Reaching the top of Brushy Fork hill, the negro suddenly seized the old man by the coat collar and threw him backwards in the wagon at the same time brandishing a large rock which he the negro, it is supposed had concealed about his person, demanded Mr. Crew's money, and dropping the rock thrust his hand into Mr. Crews' pocket and took therefrom a purse containing some eight or nine dollars, after which he sprang from the wagon and made his way back in the direction of town. Our country friends should be on their guard and not take strange negroes to ride in their wagons.

The negro who robbed Mr. Levi Crews was identified and arrested in Winston on Saturday morning. He succeeded in getting away from his captors, but after a lively race up Liberty street, was recaptured and lodged in jail to wait a hearing Monday. The negro's name is Ed. Davis.

—*Leader.*

—Quite a romantic little marriage occurred at the Central Hotel, Winston, on Monday evening last, Mr. J. W. Morefield and Miss Murphy Preddy were married by Esquire Grogan.

The attendants were: Miss Cornelia Grogan and H. H. Reynolds; Miss Mary Elizabeth Mabry and Hunter Marshall; Miss Carrie Stockton and R. J. Reynolds; Miss Lily Grogan and Frank Stockton.

After the marriage ceremony the bridal party and a number of guests repaired to the parlor, where dancing was engaged in until a late hour, after which a sumptuous feast was spread and heartily enjoyed.

Among the guests present from a distance your correspondent noted W. B. Wills, of Boston, Mass.; L. P. Hart, of Philadelphia, Pa.; B. F. Martin, of Richmond, Ind.; L. B. Thompson, of Baltimore, Md.; Sidney T. Blair, of High Point; Wm. H. Leak, of Kernersville; and Mose Stein, of Winston.

Esquire Grogan in performing the ceremony caught and held the closest attention of those present. He was exceedingly happy in his remarks, and his eloquent prefatory utterances were unusually appropriate.

The bridal couple left Tuesday evening for Stokes county, bearing with them the best wishes of a host of Winston friends.

DODD.

—A free trial of Prof. Harris' Pastille treatment for nervous and physical debility in men can be had of Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

—"Deeper than e'er plummet sounded" some people's coughs seem to come from, yet a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure them. It goes away down to the bottom of matters and works wonders. Pleasant to take and good for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, etc.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

SUDDEN DEATH OF DR. J. E. DOUTHIT, IN ROCKDALE, TEXAS.

From the Rockdale Messenger.

The city was shocked on Sunday morning last to learn that one of its best known and most highly respected citizens lay cold in death. And that, too, one whose face had not been missed from the streets,—one whom many remembered that they had passed and saluted the evening before on their way home. Though he had been in feeble health for some time, and had been confined to his bed by sickness for two weeks, and only emerged a few days before, none were prepared for this sudden announcement, and it fell like a blow upon all who heard it.

As all who knew him well are aware Dr. Douthit was in the habit of remaining late at his store, often till midnight, and even later, if his business or the necessities of the sick required it. On this occasion he was alone and, as is supposed, being overtaken with heart trouble, from which he has suffered for years, he was unable to call for or obtain assistance all other places of business being closed and the streets deserted. At home his wife awoke about 3 o'clock, and becoming alarmed on finding it so late, and he had not returned, called her son, Ernest, to go and see about him. On entering the drug-store, he found his father in a chair unconscious. He hastened for Dr. Walker who came immediately, but too late to be of effective service. Everything possible to do was done, but to no purpose, and he breathed his last without a struggle in a few minutes afterwards.

Loving friends, who by this time had been aroused conveyed his remains to his residence and grief stricken family.

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from the Baptist church, and was attended by almost the entire population. At the church the remarks of Mr. Stribling on the character of the deceased were most touching, and were recognized as aptly portraying the virtues of the man who was loved and admired by all who knew him.

In Dr. J. E. Douthit, Rockdale loses one of its best and truest citizens. The writer knew him through an intimate association of years, and always found him the same true gentleman—a born gentleman. He was a man of scholarly attainments and fine mind, a man of tenderest sympathies and a true friend. Deeply imbued with christianly instinct, he felt it a duty, at times and becomingly, to urge upon his friends a consideration of the seriousness of life, and a preparation for that life hereafter, the sweets of which his fancy often pictured; and we trust his soul has by this time realized in its fullest enjoyment. It was not wholly the hope of reward, however, that constrained him to be devout. He was upright and sincere, because he was noble. In all our dealings we have not found a man in whom there was more to admire in loveliness of character. In a residence of some 8 years in this community he has not left a wound, and there is not a heart but entertains the kindliest remembrance of him. The church, of which he was a devoted member, the community of which he was a valued and enterprising citizen, and last—though not the least to him—the poor and afflicted, whose call never fell unheeded on his ear, will also drop a tear of incontrolable grief over the grave of a departed friend. The simile of Dr. Stribling was as appropriate as it was beautiful, and we cannot forbear repeating it in substance here. We gaze upon the sun, he said, and know that there are spots upon its surface, yet the great glory of the light which it sheds hides them from our view. So with our brother hero; if he had faults, as all men must have, the shining virtues which cast a halo of light around his path-way through life have completely obscured them, and effaced them from our recollection.

Dr. DOUTHIT was born and grew to be a man, in Clemmonsville, N. C., was educated at Trinity College, studied medicine under Dr. A. C. Wharton, and graduated in the Pennsylvania Medical college, at Philadelphia. He commenced the practice of medicine in the town and neighborhood in which he was brought up, and soon gained a good practice. He was a surgeon in the Confederate army, during the late war, and soon after the close of the war, was married to Miss Dora Crenshaw, in the eastern part of N. C. Soon after the close of the war, and after he was married, he resumed the practice of his profession, and gained a high reputation as a skillful and successful physician. About the year 1868, he with his father, mother, one brother and two sisters removed to Missouri, and engaged in the practice of medicine, for some time, and then he removed to Pennsylvania, and from the latter place, he removed to Rockdale, Texas

He was a gentleman of the brightest talents, well educated, and a most excellent christian gentleman. His father B. C. Douthit, Esq., was once a very prominent merchant, and highly respected citizen of Clemmonsville, who died a few years ago in Missouri. The Doctor has relatives, and many friends and schoolmates, in and around Clemmonsville, who sincerely mourn his death as one near and dear to them.

A FRIEND.

Cost of Drinking.

Some years ago, says Pomeroy's *Democrat*, we had in our employ a man who several times a day ran out of the office to buy a drink of whisky. Every time he went out the cashier was instructed to drop ten cents into a drawer to our credit. At the end of 17 months the man who had gone out so often had drank himself out of a good situation, and the drawer, when opened, was found to contain $490, which we loaned to a young man at seven per cent interest. He used it to purchase a set of tinner's tools.

On the 16th of February, 1876, he returned it to us with interest, saying in his letter that he had a wife, two children and property worth $500. The other fellow is a bummer hunting for food.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, T. T. Spaugh, on the 23rd inst., by Rev. James E. Hall, JACOB A. FISHEL to Miss LEAH H. SPAUGH.

In Winston, by Dr. Johnston, on the 18th inst., WILL HAIRSTON to Miss BETTIE DOBSON.

In the Baptist parsonage, Winston, on Friday last, by Rev. H. A. Brown, T. T. COLE, of Chatham county, to Miss NANNIE V. STEWART, of this place.

In Winston, on the 23d inst., by M. Grogan, Esq., J. W. MOREFIELD to Miss MURPHY PREDDY.

On the 14th inst., by Rev. A. W. Crawford, EDWARD STEELE, of the High Point *Enterprise*, to Miss MARY JONES, of Greensboro.

DIED.

On Tuesday morning, 24th inst, of heart disease, ROBERT GORRELL, a well known citizen of Winston.

In Winston, on the 18th inst., Miss DELLA LEAK, daughter of the late David Leak.

In Davidson county, on the 13th inst., of pneumonia, SIDDIE TYLER, son of M. R. Tyler, aged 17 years.

Also ANDREW CLINARD, aged 65 years.

Also SOLOMON DARR, of paralysis.

In this county, on Sunday, 15th inst., WM. CLAYTON, aged 53 years.

Near Advance, Davie county, on the 9th inst., CHARLES C. VOGLER, aged 26 years.

In Davidson county, on the 12th inst., Mrs. CATHERINE DELAP, wife of Alexander Delap, aged 78 years.

On the 13th instant, in Abbott's Creek township, Mrs. NANCY MEREDITH, wife of Ashley Meredith, aged about 40 years.

FARAG.

A Liberated Slave, General Gordon's Betrayer.

(From the New York Times.)

The cavas who has given the most intelligent and to all appearances the most trustworthy account of the events attending the fall of Khartoum is named Abdul Kerim. He was one of Gen. Gordon's servants. He secured his escape from Khartoum after the city fell, he says, by bribery. He bought a camel and crossed to Debbeh, the journey taking twelve days. From Debbeh he came to Korti in an English pinnace. He says that Farag, upon whom Gordon relied implicitly, was the person who delivered Khartoum over to El Mahdi's troops. When they entered the city it was Farag who prevented the garrison from firing upon them. The story that Farag had once been a slave, and that Gen. Gordon secured his liberation, and that when he subsequently entered Gordon's service the latter was deceived into mistaking Farag's zeal for evidence of gratitude, is corroborated by the cavass. He says that when Gordon made Farag military commandant he used to receive letters from El Mahdi. When Gordon would ask him about this correspondence Farag would say the letters were unimportant, and Gordon apparently took him at his word.

Concerning the massacre in Khartoum Abdul Kerim states that Gen. Gordon's clerk and the chief clerk of the arsenal were killed. El Mahdi did not enter Khartoum until the third day after its capitulation. He inspected the city and then returned to Omdurman, where he remains. After Gen. Gordon fell Abdul Kerim says the Arabs killed his clerk and nine others with spears. The others who were at the time with Gordon escaped. The cavass declares that with the exception of the attack in which these murders were committed, there was no fighting in Khartoum. During the attack, however, all of the Europeans and most of the notables were killed. While the attack was in progress the male inhabitants of the city joined the insurgents. Abdul Kerim states that no women or children were killed, and that all who submitted to the invaders and surrendered their valuables were permitted to depart unharmed. It was reported that the Mahdi ordered Farag to be hanged, and that the Prophet's soldiers plundered Khartoum, killing all the Greeks in the arsenal and liberated all the prisoners except the Greek consul Nicolai and a doctor. Abdul Kerim says that El Mahdi has 40,000 good fighting men, who, however, he thinks have been somewhat scared at the results of the late battles at Abu Klea, Gubat and Kababish.

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NOTICE.

THE creditors of Adam Long, deceased, are hereby notified to present their claims on the estate of said deceased to the undersigned Administratrix, on or before the 14th day of February, 1886, properly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

EMELINE LONG.
Feb. 10, 1885—6w. *Administratrix.*

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HUMOROUS STORIES FOUND IN OUR EXCHANGES.

Storm Signals—Everything in Luck—Caught—The Law All on Both Sides—Buying Lace.

"How dy do, Mr. Brown, nice weather we're having?"

"Yes, but there'll be a change soon."

"Think so?"

"Yes, know it."

"Why? Morning papers say so?"

"No; saw the storm signal."

"Where?"

"Look up street at that gate; see the red headed woman up there waving a dish rag at me? That's my wife."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Everything in Luck.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he chuckled as he held up a ten-pound turkey for the inspection of a pedestrian, "but do you see this?"

"Ah—yes. Buy him?"

"No, sir-e e! I won him!"

"How?"

"Got him on a raffle."

"Ye-e-s. How long you been at it?"

"Not over three months."

"Is this your first?"

"Yes."

"Any idea of how much it cost you?"

"Of course—got it all down here in my notebook. This bird, sir—this bird has cost me $17—not a cent over that. I know men who have thrown away $25 without getting so much as the leg of a chicken, while I've a ten-pound turkey for $17. Luck! Ah-ha! Um!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Caught.

The tocsin sounds from the tower. It is my hour to put peas in my shoes and walk around the block until tea time, for telling a book canvasser yesterday that I had just received a copy of the book, "Forest's Footprints of the Algonguins," from the author, who was an old college chum and an army comrade of mine. The agent looked me in the eye, while, with many courteous regrets I made this statement, and then, turning to the steel portrait of the author on the title page, asked me if I could recognize my old chum and army comrade.

It was the face of a motherly looking woman of about 65, and a foot note stating that she died among the indians in the winter of 1829.

Dearly beloved, my sins never count anything against me. I always get caught—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Law All on Both Sides.

"Mr. Lawyer, I want to ask you a question," said a countryman with a bandage about his head, to one of our most honorable lawyers.

"Yes, sir; take a seat. What is the nature of the case?"

"Waal, ef you wer a huntin' on your naber's premises an' he'd tell you to git off or he'd knock you off, and you wouldn't go, and then he'd try to knock you off, could ye bring suit agin' him for tryin' to knock you off?"

The lawyer then looked at the bandage around the man's head and replied, in an emphatic way:

"Most assuredly; and collect heavy damages."

"Waal, then, I reckon I won't do nothin' more about it."

"Why, why not, my friend? You could certainly get heavy damages. The law is all on your side."

"I reckon not, mister. You jist now said the law was the other way."

"How's that? I probably misunderstood the case."

"Well the feller come in my orchard and was shootin' rabbits when I ordered him off; but he wouldn't go. So I went at it to knock him off, but I got the worst of it, as ye can see. I reckon he must be one of these 'ere boxin' fellers."

"Ah, ahem! Yes; just so. That puts the case in another light. Of course you can sue him for trespass and assault and battery."

"Waal, I reckon I won't do no more in the matter, as you said he can also bring suit agin' me and collect heavy damages."

"No, hold on, Don't go. You've got the law all on your side."

"So has the other feller. Good day, sir."—*Kentucky State Jounal.*

Buying Lace.

She was fond of lace. I had heard her talk of lace and lace it should be. So I marched boldly into a swell dry goods store, with a good deal of style and a small amount of money. The dry goods man I knew. The boss waited on me himself and seemed more than friendly when I confided to him that I proposed to buy something in lace for a lady.

I said: "Something in lace."

I was afraid I should look ridiculous if I gave it any particular form or application.

"Good?"

"Certainly; as good as you can give me. Something fit for an impressionable young woman, of whom you're not quite sure."

"All right; I presume you don't want anything but the real thing?"

"I would not dream of it. Expense is not so much an objection." I did not really mean that. He smiled and led me into a corner.

"You're a friend of mine," said he; "you shall have something choice."

"I am glad I came here," said I to myself.

Some ladies who had overheard the word lace gradually approached the corner and began to display an indifference to the proceeding. My friend brought a box, a plain looking paper box, and opened it.

"Now here's something good."

A suppressed murmur of admiration arose from the ladies around us.

"Ah, that is something worth buying," said I with an air of a connoisseur, beginning to feel for a $20 gold piece I had somewhere.

"Do you like this? Well, I won't tell you what we sell it at, but as you are a friend and I don't want to make anything out of you—"

"You're a good fellow. Some day I will—"

"I can let you have it for $2,000."

I usually have considerable presence of mind. I hadn't it with me at that moment. My face betrayed me, and a grin began to spread over the features of the ladies. In a moment I recovered.

"I will take that—" The ladies started and examined me all over. The facetious dry goods man started. "Box," said I aside, "and you can put in two holes out of the pattern."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Japanese Dentists.

The Japanese dentist, says the New York *Sun*, does not frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All of his operations in tooth drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired after long practice, but once it is obtained the operator is able to extract a half dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with pulling out pegs which have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a mallet. A writer in the *Union Medicale* says that no human jaw can resist the delicate but powerful manipulation of the Japanese dentist.

The King of Bavaria has a daily income of $2,700, the King of Saxony $1,300, the King of Wurtemburg $1,300, the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt $740, the Grand Duke of Sachsen Weimar $600.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Buying New Tools.

The farmer who now selects new tools for another season's work, will find it a matter of economy in labor, to choose those which are as light as a sufficient degree of strength will admit. Wielding a needlessly heavy tool is a waste of strength. A hand-hoe, for instance, may make two thousand strokes in an hour, or twenty thousand a day. A needless ounce in weight will therefore require the constant movement of this ounce twenty thousand times daily, or equal to more than half a ton, which the operator must expend in personal strength. Some tools are half a pound heavier than use requires; and day laborers, who use them, waste an amount of strength equal to whole tons in each day. There are other tools not requiring the constantly alternating movement of the hoe, when additional weight is not so detrimental, as for example—the crowbar, which being used as a lever, does not require constant motion. But in all cases, tools are to be constructed in accordance with their intended purpose. The crowbar must be heaviest where the weight rests, and decrease in size with the distance from this point. There is often too little taper toward the hand, and consequently the bar is usually bent under the weight, and nowhere else. Properly constructed, the handle would be bent as soon as any other part, and no sooner. The same principle will apply in the construction of hoe-handles, which should be strong where the right hand moves, and if the tool is slightly tapering toward the blade, to which most of the motion is given, it will prevent a needless expenditure of strength.

The principle with which Dr. Holmes imagined the maker of the hundred-year "one-horse shay" adopted in constructing every part of the vehicle according to strength required, may be also applied in the construction of tools as far as practicable. The part which most frequently breaks should be made stronger next time. That which never breaks is needlessly heavy. A light plow, strong enough for continued use, economizes the strength of the team. If twenty pounds too heavy, the fraction which these twenty pounds create on the soil, will require a force at least equal to ten pounds more than is necessary. These ten pounds constantly bearing on the horse all day will amount to about as much as plowing one entire acre in a twenty-acre field. Some plows are made much heavier.

All these matters should be carefully looked into in purchasing any tools; and such as are in frequent or constant use require more care in selection than such as are rarely employed; and more care should be given to the form and strength of those parts which have a quick vibratory motion, where momentum must be continually created and arrested, than in such as have a continuous or revolving motion. As human strength is more valuable than horse or steam power, hand tools should be selected with particular care, and light and effective as well as durable ones, preferred to those which are heavy, clumsy and inefficient, especially if in daily use.

Where the efficiency of a tool depends entirely on the momentum which may be given to it, a different rule applies, as with a hammer, which must have a weight corresponding with its intended use. A heavy hammer would not drive a small, slender nail, but would bend or double it; while the quick blow of a light hammer would accomplish the desired purpose. On the other hand a large spike could not be driven with a light hammer. Rivet-heads are spread only with the quick blows of a light hammer, in the same way that a stake or post has its head battered and split with a light ax. A heavy pounder is required for a heavy post. A tack-hammer would make no impression on it, whatever might be the vigor with which it is used.—*Country Gentleman.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Soft hay makes strong wool.

Strong meadows fill big barns.

Flush pastures make fat stock.

Fat pastures make fat pockets.

Sweet pastures make sound butter.

The fattening hogs will relish a few small potatoes.

For sheep losing their wool, bathing with saltpetre water, one ounce to the quart, is recommended.

The farmer who lets everything go to waste about him will generally be one who complains that "farming don't pay."

One of the hardest of all crops "to raise," in the financial sense, is a mortgage, but it is easy to plant. The less one plants of mortgage the better.

The adage (and it is older than the Christian era), no grass, no cattle, no cattle no manure, no manure no crops, is as true to-day as when first spoken.

Hay water is a great sweetener of tin, wooden and iron ware. In Irish dairies everything used for milk is scalded with hay water. Boil a handful of sweet hay in water, and put in the vessel when hot.

Whenever a farmer gets a labor saving implement for himself, let him think if something to save his wife from kitchen labor cannot also be secured. If so, he might postpone the day of his widowerhood.

An orchard which is so large that manure cannot be had with which to fertilize it is seldom a profitable part of the farm. It pays to raise only so many trees as one can raise well. We occasionally hear of good farmers cutting down a part of their orchard so that they can put more manure and more attention on the remainder.

The wild hawthorns which are everywhere common makes excellent hedges, but they are attacked by the apple tree borer, and are therefore unsafe to plant. It is even doubtful if they should be tolerated as ornamental trees. They are so nearly related to the cultivated apple that insects which attack one plant will usually attack the other.

Picking up stone is back-aching work, as is known by every one who has had the common experience of a boy on a stony farm. The labor can be lightened by using a strong fork with tines four inches apart. The same implement can be used for digging out stones partly imbedded in the ground, and not large enough to require a spade.

Corn stalks should never be fed whole according to the old practice. They should be cut, if only for their better handling in the manure heap. A horse power with team will in a single day cut enough for a winter's supply, but it is better to make two cuttings if the farmer owns horse power, as the cut stalks if if piled in large heaps will heat and spoil, especially in warm weather.

The water for farmers' families is quite apt to be bad as that in cities, where boards of health step in and enforce sanitary regulations. The best way to insure pure water is to use that from the house roof, passing it through a filter to remove impurities. In the West this practice of storing rain water in cisterns is quite common, and the cisterns are made very deep to insure cool water in summer.

Charcoal is often recommended fo pigs and fowls; but it is not generally understood that it is good feed for any kind of stock fed with corn or other heating material. There is a slight alkaline effect from charcoal which helps to correct acidity of the stomach. Possibly long-continued feeding of charcoal may impair the digestion, as the use of soda and salaratus in excess does with human beings, but a fattening animal is usually killed before it can be much injured by any abuse of feeding.

Consumers generally prefer a long rather than a round potato, probably from greater convenience in cooking through when baked. But the trouble with long potatoes is that they tend to become pointed at the end, and this is the beginning of their speedy degeneration in yield and quality. Farmers prefer to grow oval-shaped potatoes, as they do not run out so quickly. The old Peachblow was a round and not very smooth potato. It held its position as the favorite market sort longer than any other, because it was a good keeper of excellent quality and more productive than other kinds then grown.

Household Recipes and Hints.

Good sauce for poultry is made of the liver of the fowl; let it boil until tender, chop it fine, and then add to it a tablespoonful of parsley rubbed fine, with a little boiling water poured over it. A teacupful of melted butter should then be mixed with it. Let this simmer for not much more than one minute, then serve.

A great deal of attention should be given to the proper airing of the mattress every morning, and at least once a week a stiff brush should remove the dust which will accumulate, even in the best ordered house, around and under the tufts or cotton, or the bits of leather or whatever is used to tack the mattress with. Attention should also be directed to the edge of the mattress, where the braid is sewed, for dust sifts under that.

Small potatoes are very nice cooked in this way: Peel them and boil in salted water; do not let them boil until they are soft. Beat one egg, and have ready some fine cracker crumbs; roll the potato in the egg, and then in the cracker, and fry in butter until a light brown, turning frequently, that the color may be uniform; or the potatoes may be dropped into hot lard. In this case, a cloth should be laid over a plate and the potatoes should be drained for a moment in this before sending them to the table.

A young goose, not more than four months old, is nice cooked in this way: After dressing and singeing it carefully, sprinkle pepper and salt and a little sage in the inside; put a lump of butter in also, to moisten it; then put it into a pan, and then into the oven; baste it frequently with water in which you have put some butter and pepper and salt and a little bacon fat. Serve with a nice brown gravy and with gooseberry jam or apple butter. Cover the platter with thin slices of buttered toast moistened with the drippings in the pan; then lay the goose upon it.

An excellent breakfast cake is made by taking a large cup of bread dough and adding a small cup of sugar and a lump of butter about the size of half an egg; mix them well, and let this rise all night; in the morning roll it out into a flat cake and put it into a tin; cut apples into slices, not too thin, and cover the top of the cake with them, pressing them down into it just as far as possible so that the top of the cake will be nearly smooth; then take half a cup of sugar with water enough to dissolve it and with cinnamon for flavoring; let this come to a boil, and then pour over the cake; bake in a quick oven. This is nice, warm or cold.

Ginger wafers are made of half a pound of flour, half a pound of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, one dessertspoonful of allspice, two of ground ginger, the peel of half a lemon grated, and the juice of the lemon; mix these all together, then add enough molasses to make a sort of thick paste; beat it thoroughly and vigorously. Butter large tins, or the dripping pan, spread the paste upon them, as it should be as thin as possible, and yet be perfectly even and smooth. Bake in a moderate oven. When it is done draw the tins to the oven door, and before it cools at all, with a sharp pointed knife cut the cake into pieces about four inches square.—*New York Evening Post.*

Royal Fruit of the Li-Chi Tree.

Its history dates from 140 B. C., when the Emperor Wati endeavored to introduce it from Anam, its native habitat, into his garden at Chang-an. Hundreds of plants were brought to China for many successive years, but they all failed to acclamatize, and it was found useless to make any further efforts. This fact, however, only increased the value of li-chi, which in 200 B. C. was sent as a tribute from Anam to the Emperor-Kaotsu at a frightful cost of human life. As the fruit only keeps fresh for ten days at the most, and it was necessary that it reached Chang-an in good condition, relays of men were required to run at full speed, bearing a load of li-chi, and in this forced travel the majority of them broke down through sunstroke by day and the attacks of serpents, and wild beasts by night. In the middle of the eighth century the Princess Wang, whose appetite for li-chi was unappeasable, established a pony express and this also was carried out at a great sacrifice of horseflesh. The Princess Wang was not peculiar in her liking for lichi, for although the medical men of the time considered them as heating, persons have been known to eat a thousand a day. The poet Su Tung-po, who was in exile at Canton, allowed himself the moderate quantity of 300 per diem, and wrote a poem in their favor, declaring that they were delicious enough to reconcile a man to eternal banishment; moreover, it is stated in the "Genii Records" that there was individuals who from having attained immortality by using its flowers and fruits, are called li-chi genii. Kohung, a great authority among the Taoist philosophers, praised it unceasingly as a "marrow tonic," but, notwithstanding his constant use of it, he died at eighty-one under some uncertainty, as to whether he had become a li-chi genus or not. Perhaps some of these attributes may be accounted for by the fact that the li-chi tree does not come to maturity until it is fifty years old, but, once begun, it will continue to bear fruit for 500 years, while its timber keeps sufficiently sound for use for nearly 1,000 years. With such virtues, one ought scarcely to speak of its minor good qualities, which are of value in hastening small-pox pustules, and as a tropical application for boils, swellings and toothache. It is singular in its habits of growth, being found in China growing on the hills in Kwangsi and in the plains in Kwang-tung, but in all cases at a distance from water. For the first five years it requires to be protected from cold, being remarkably sensitive to frost and electricity, which is very prejudicial to it, so much so that a thunder-storm will cause the flowers and fruit to be small. It is singular that when the fruit is cut it should at once be taken from the tree, otherwise the birds and bats will make a clean sweep of it, although they will not touch it as long as it remains upon the tree uncut.—*North China Herald.*

A Novel Cure For Hiccough.

A young Eastonian, while sitting in a restaurant, was seized with a violent attack of hiccoughs, which resisted all the remedies his friends could think of, when the proprietor went out into the bar-room and tapped a glass of beer and got a large carving knife and came in with the knife concealed behind him. He held the beer up to the man's mouth and suddenly drew out the knife and jammed it down in front of his face into the beer and ordered the sufferer to drink. The unusual proceeding on the part of the landlord so frightened the fellow that he could not at first drink, but he finally drained the glass, leaving nothing in it but the carving knife, and it had the effect of entirely curing him of his hiccoughs.—*Easton (Penn.) Express.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

In Paris they line the hoods of rubber waterproofs with bright-hued silk.

Embroidery in woolen braid appears on the velvet bonnets made to wear with braided suits.

The pretty little frills of bright color are again in vogue this season as a means of brightening a dark skirt.

A Parisian who had heard that the last census of France embraced more than 20,000,000 women called France a lucky rogue.

The short jacket with a wide sash is called Spanish in Paris, and is much worn both in the day time and in the evening.

Flower wreaths in China are laid on plush photograph frames. The wreaths are painted on a flat surface not molded in relief.

Women who are the most loved by men are frequently the least liked by their own sex; and with good reasons generally.

Many of the most charming women that a man meets in society are among the last women he would ever have the courage to marry.

White silk plush, ornamented with large pearls strung in loops, constituted the dress of the bride at a recent New York wedding.

When the bridal veil is of illusion it is set far forward on the head, but when it is of lace it is set back and only drapes the shoulders.

Beautiful garnitures for white ball costumes worn by brunettes are composed of the leaves of the India-rubber tree mixed with coral.

The most fashionable bridal necklace is a string of pearls. With ordinary evening dress dog collars of Rhine stones are fashionable.

The attempt to banish the metal button from the street costume was a failure. It has returned, and is handsomer and more expensive than ever.

Flowers are cut from brocades, outlined with gold thread and sewed upon a background of silk to make the waistcoats of rich costumes in solid color.

Young girls' white tucked frocks are very often made with short tucked sleeves, with a little silk puff at the top matching the color of the sash and ribbons.

Five sisters, the youngest of whom was fifty years old, and who had not met all together for forty years, held a reunion at the house of their father, in Milwaukee, recently.

An immense rose, called "Her Majesty," and having blossoms six or seven inches across, is now in the New York forcing-houses. One of its buds is enough for a breast-knot.

Ornamental hairpins are becoming eccentric. A new French pattern is headed with a tortoise shell ball, with a small gold shell containing a naked infant resting on its surface.

One of the London tailors has bought out wash-leather bodices, to be worn in the ball room with skirts of brown illusion. Alligator skin may follow, and perhaps the day of birch back is not far away.

Colored lace matching the sleeve is now used to fasten the long gloves worn with evening dress to the gown. The lace is full, and is deep enough to allow the wearer to move her arm with perfect freedom.

Birds that have apparently dipped their beaks and claws, and sometimes even the tips of their wings, in the Pactolus, or, in plain English, birds with gilt legs and beaks, are much used on dark bonnets.

Handkerchiefs are no longer displayed peeping from the pocket or hanging from the fan handle or belt or bosom. The depth of the pocket or reticule is the place for the handkerchief, according to the latest dogma of fashion.

The short jackets worn with street costumes this winter are made without plaits in the back, and have the seams sewed to the fur border. The fronts are no longer than the back, but much shorter than those worn lately.

An ingenious reply of a clever woman. She was speaking in defense of an absent friend. "Ah, Madame," said one, "you speak well of him because he is your friend." "Not at all," she answered. "He is my friend because I can speak well of him.

Bridal costumes are invariably high to the throat, of course, but some American bridesmaids like to display their shoulders, and little sleeveless satin jackets, with deep trimmings of white marabout, are prepared for them to wear in church. Marabout also borders their skirts and draperies, so that the jacket seems a part of their frocks.

The only persons about the court who dare take liberties with Queen Victoria, are the three daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who romp with, and pull the old lady about to the consternation of the dowager marchioness of Ely, who, albeit "in waiting" for thirty years, has never addressed her royal mistress save as "Your Majesty," and this with bated breath.

At the Japanese court the old fashioned ceremonial dress has been revived and the four royal princesses, instead of appearing in the pretty costumes which the fans have made familiar to all of us, wear wide, loose, crimson trousers and loose jackets with immense sleeves, and braid their hair in a wide plait on each side of the head, joining the braid in one plait in the back. Fortunately the court ladies are allowed to retain their pretty robes.

Lassoing Wild Elephants.

As soon as the jungle had been to some extent chopped and trampled down so as to give a clear field for action, half a dozen tame elephants, with mahouts and noosers, were sent in to noose the wild elephants. The noosers managed with great skill the throwing of a stout rope made into a loop—as a cowboy uses his lariat—so as to catch each wild elephant in turn by a hind leg. The rope would be made fast at the other end to one of the tame elephants. As soon as the tame brute would feel that a catch had been made it would start off at a slow, deliberate, cool and unconcerned gait in the direction of the grand-stand, where tying up was done, dragging behind it the captured animal. An elephant hauled along backward by one extended hind leg is at a serious disadvantage. It cannot claw and hold on to the ground with any great effect. About all it can do is to bellow, and that it does do energetically and woefully. Whenever one made any great effort at resistance a second tame elephant followed along, pushing with his trunk against the struggling creature. Then each beast was tied up, and some of them grew quite furious. One little fellow, after being tied up for twenty hours, was still so mad about it that he would grow almost frantic with rage whenever anybody went near him. In two days' more work the whole herd had been tied up, and the job of subjugating them began.

The Wealth of the Country.

In 1860 the wealth of the United States was equivalent to $615 per capita: in 1880 it was $940 per capita. In New England the wealth to each person was $610 in 1860 and $1,235 in 1880. In the Middle States it was $525 per capita in 1860 and $1,430 in 1880. In the Southern States the rate per capita in 1860 was $595 and $299 in 1880. This falling off is due to the emancipation of the slaves and the losses by the war. In the Western States the rate per capita in 1860 was $450 and in 1880 $850. Exclusive of roads and public lands, the per capita wealth of the whole country was $583 in 1860 and $880 in 1880.

THE MATRIMONIAL NOOSE.

STORIES OF UNUSUAL WEDDING OCCURRENCES.

Marrying the Man who Missed the Target—Took the Conductor—An Accommodating Minister, Etc.

All the back counties have not been heard from, but they don't need to be so far as activity and variety in the matrimonial market are concerned. There is the daily elopement with the coachman to begin with, and weddings of every sort calculated to suit the taste of everybody.

A young woman in Central New York has just married a man she didn't mean to marry. It came about very much as in the case of the young woman at sea, who was plagued almost to death by three lovers. She appealed to the ship's captain, and he advised her to jump into the water and marry the one who came to her rescue. She did so, and two jumped after her. She was just as much puzzled as ever when the captain settled it by advising her to "take the dry one." The New York young woman was in a like dilemma, or rather trilemma, and agreed to marry the one who would hit the center of the target. Two of them touched the "bull's eye," whereupon she turned about and married the one who missed.

A Georgia girl made an appointment with her lover to meet her at the railroad station and elope with her. She was there promptly on time. So was the train. But in place of the lover came a messenger from him, to the effect that he was afraid to run away with her. The indignant girl at once made arrangements with the conductor, who carried her off in his train and married her at the end of his "run."

Another Georgia girl, much under age, ran off with her lover, but the clergyman refused to unite them on account of the penalty for marrying a minor. No time was to be lost, as the angry father and brother were on their tracks. The quick-witted girl immediately proposed an adjournment to a field about half a mile away, where three counties joined, and so at midnight, with his feet astride of the boundries; so as to confuse the jurisdiction of the counties, the accommodating clergymen, who wanted his fee, made them one.

A plump and pretty hired girl out in Colorado, having read all about the coachmen's weddings, passed herself off on the newly-hired coachman as the daughter of the house. He was captured at once, stood under her window and received her in his arms, ran away and got married. Their employer followed them to find out what had become of some harness. When the girl saw him she threw herself at him crying: "My father! My father!" "What! said the surprised man. "What's all this? I want my harness." The coachman has a wife whom he will dispose of on the most favorable terms.

Not so amusing was a wedding in Kentucky, where some tobacco growers were invited to be present and who came to it drunk. The fun began by kicking over a card table and ended after two or three had been shot or stabbed. In Missouri a bride and groom were about to undergo the ceremony when the husband of one of the guests came in, the worse for liquor, and ordered her home. She was about complying, but her husband, evidently not having got as much "fun" out of the affair as he thought it capable of yielding, began to abuse the company. The gentleman of the house asked him to desist. This impertinent interference with his amusement provoked him into drawing a pistol and shooting the gentleman. The wounded man was carried into the next room, where his wife lay very ill. She at once went into convulsions and both lives were despaired of. These little preliminaries settled, the wedding ceremony went on, but they drew the line somewhere, and after that the guests went away leaving the feast untouched.

After a wedding in Ulster county, New York, some of the people indulged in what is known as an "old-fashioned skimelton." It was 8 o'clock, and the marriage ceremony was not finished when a crowd outside blew their horns, fired shot guns and threw stones on the roof. The house was riddled with buckshot, cannon were fired, a musket was pointed at the head of the bride's father, the bride was insulted and the road filled up with heavy timber which the bridegroom had to go out and cut away with an ax before the minister could go home. The genial souls who made things so lively for the young couple and welcomed them so heartily to the ranks of the blessed, were tried for it. But as their performance was decided to be only "an ordinary country skimelton," they were acquitted by a jury of their countrymen.

At a Tennessee wedding the bride was not only pretty well advanced in years but deaf at that. Her new husband kissed her so loud and long after the ceremony that something "gave way" inside her head, and she heard for the first time in thirty years. She recovered so completely that she was able to hear the fiddle and danced all night to celebrate her recovery. It made her happier than her marriage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Boy Who Stood on the Burning Deck.

Few but know the very pretty piece of poetry by Mrs. Hemans, "Casabianca," commencing, "The boy stood on the burning deck." The poetess states that the lad was the son of the admiral commanding the flagship L'Orient, which took fire and exploded; that young Casabianca perished in the explosion, refusing to quit the position allotted him by his father, pending the battle of the Nile. I have been looking into the official account of the incident, says a Paris letter to the Newark, (N. J.) *Advertiser.* The admiral was Brueys, who was wounded in the head and hand early in the action. He continued to give orders until cut in two by a cannon ball; he uttered the request to be allowed to expire on deck, which he did in the course of some minutes.

Citoyen Casabianca, the father of the poetic hero, then took command; his son was a middy, but only aged ten, not thirteen. At that period lads entered the navy very young. Casabianca was also a deputy. Pending the action his son was by his side; the father was mortally wounded in the head by a splinter and became insensible; he gave no injunctions to his son, but the latter would not the less quit his wounded parent. By this time the ship was on fire. Several of the sailors had left and saved themselves on spars till picked up by the English boats. Aided by the purser young Casabianca and his father were lowered down on a piece of a mast floating by, but they had only got a short distance from the 120-gun Orient when she blew up, and nothing more was seen of the Casabiancas,

But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

Wished She Was an Orphan.

A little Newport, R. I. child of rich parentage, carefully nursed and richly clothed and guarded tenderly by its elders, was driving by the orphans' home the other day, when it caught the sound of many childish voices in the yard where the children were at play. It eagerly asked: "Oh, mamma, what is that?" "They are poor little orphans, without any parents," impressively answered the mother, hugging her darling closer. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed the child, crossing his little hands over his velvet gown and drawing a deep sigh, "how I wish I was a poor little orphan!" The mother appreciated the situation, and has since given her child companionship of its own stature and a little more freedom from fine clothes and constant nursing.

A Laughing Plant.

This is not a flower, that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travelers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia and is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

Rocky mountain squirrels, which are considerably larger than the ordinary American squirrel, with rich golden brown fur and silver-gray heads, are in demand for shipment to England, where they are valued at $20 per pair.

Is There a Cure for Consumption?

We answer unreservedly, yes! If the patient commences in time the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," and exercises proper care. If allowed to run its course too long all medicine is powerless to stay it. Dr. Pierce never deceives a patient by holding out a false hope for the sake of pecuniary gain. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of patients when nothing else seemed to avail. Your druggist has it. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is estimated that there are 90,000 electric lights going every night in this country.

The best test of a human life is the amount of good it has been and done to others. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham may be given a seat of honor among those who have helped to change sickness into health, and to transform the darkness of suffering into the sunshine of rest and hope.

Paris holds her next world's exhibition five years hence.

Bad treatment or stricture often complicates the disease and makes it difficult of cure. The worst and most inveterate cases speedily yield to our new and improved methods. Pamphlet, references and terms sent for two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The curiosity of River Fork, Ga., is a milk white blackbird.

A happy combination of best grape brandy, smart weed, Jamaica ginger and camphor water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-weed, cures cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

The recent census of Paris shows that it has 2,730,938 inhabitants.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

When may a chair be said to dislike you? When it can't bear you.

"Buchu Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of bladder. $1. Druggists.

Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

What part of speech is most distasteful to lovers? The third person.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage, expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central depot. Sixteen hundred rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime t w	11¾	@	12¾
Calves, com'n to prime veals	7	@	9½
Sheep	5¼	@	5¾
Lambs	5½	@	7¼
Hogs—Live	4¾	@	5
Dressed, city	5¾	@	6
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	3 60	@	4 50
West, good to choice	3 85	@	4 90
Wheat—No. 2, Red	92	@	92¾
Rye—State	70	@	72
Barley—Four-rowed State		@	78¾
Corn—Ungrad. West, mixed	52	@	55
Oats—White State	37½	@	41
Mixed Western	36	@	38
Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy	85	@	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	90	@	95
Lard—City Steam	7 45	@	7 50
Butter—State Creamery	19	@	26
Dairy	17	@	25
West. Im. Creamery	16	@	23
Factory	10	@	20
Cheese—State Factory	9	@	13
Skims	3½	@	7
Western	5	@	10
Eggs—State and Penn	27	@	—

BUFFALO.			
Sheep—Good to Choice	3 10	@	4 75
Lambs—Western	5 00	@	5 30
Steers—Western	5 00	@	6 50
Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks	4 30	@	4 50
Flour—City ground n. process	5 80	@	5 90
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 12	@	—
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New		@	60
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	39	@	—
Barley—Two-rowed State	—	@	—

BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	13 50	@	14 50
Hogs—Live	4¾	@	5
Northern, Dressed	6	@	6¾
Pork—Ex. Prime, per obl	12 50	@	13 00
Flour—Winter Wheat pat's	5 50	@	5 75
Corn—High Mixed	57	@	58
Oats—Extra White	40	@	41
Rye—State	70	@	73

WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	6 62	@	7 25
Sheep—Live weight	3¾	@	4¾
Lambs	4¼	@	5¾
Hogs—Northern, d. w	5¾	@	5¾

PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	3 37	@	3 75
Wheat—No. 2, Red	90	@	93
Rye—State		@	72
Corn—State Yellow	50	@	54
Oats—Mixed		@	35
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	26	@	30
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	11¼	@	14

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

"Rough on Rats.

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Drgts.

The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad is gone; but the petroleum they discovered, now made into Carboline, the Natural Hair Restorer will live forever.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts bunions.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The Back and Shoulders

Are the parts usually affected by rheumatism; and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes attacked. We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a positive specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is or can be such a remedy—but as thousands have been cured of this disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla, we ask you, if you are afflicted, to give this medicine a fair trial.

Rheumatic Pains

"I have been much troubled with rheumatism, and had great pain and soreness in my left side. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did my whole system good. I have had but little trouble with rheumatism, and my side does not pain me."—Mrs. E. A. Nichols, 5 Garland St., Boston, Mass.

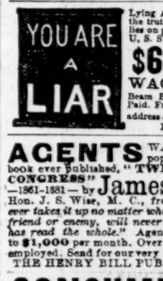
"I had severe pains in my legs, feet, arms and shoulders; my appetite and general health were poor. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me a good appetite, caused me to gain in health and weight, and I can walk all day and not feel any pain."—Louis Bullman, 220 Fourth Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste & Smell. A quick & positive Cure.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